



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Tit for Tat.

THE story of the Holy Land colonists must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. We saw them depart on their quixotic expedition, brimful of enthusiasm and ready to do battle against prejudice and fanaticism. There might have been some misgivings as to their success in the minds of those better acquainted than they were with the nature of the country whither they were bound; but, nevertheless, they had the good wishes of us all, and many may have hoped, besides, that they would furnish another example of the indomitable nature of Yankee enterprise. The adventure failed, however, as we all know. Whatever was its mainspring, whether religious fervor, or commercial speculation, or a blending of the two, it proved too weak to conquer internal dissensions, the opposition of the native Syrians, and the hostility of the Turkish Governors. The spirit with which they set out lacked, on the one hand, the missionary zeal, which might fall but could not fly, and might perish but could not yield, and, on the other, the energy of a

band of traders, whom no obstacles can deter when profitable returns await their investment. Probably we shall never hear the real history of this lamentable failure, but think it not unlikely that it was, in a great part, owing to the unwise attempt to mingle the incompatible elements of religious zeal and commercial adventure.

There are many reasons why we should hesitate to connect this failure with the next adventure of a similar kind, of which common report now speaks. Yet, it is rather amusing to note that the number of the adventurous Armenians, who, as we are told, have resolved to leave their native country and settle as a colony in the United States, is about equal to that of the band who left Maine about two years ago to found a colony in Palestine. Yet, beyond some similarity as to numbers, and the fact that each left its native shores to seek new homes in a foreign land, we fear that no parallelism can be traced between the two sets of colonists. With every prepossession in favor of our own countrymen, we fear the balance of

common sense is on the side of the Armenians. Certainly they are floating with the tide which sets from both Westward and Eastward toward this land, whereas the others were swimming against the stream. The Armenians will find here no hostile population. No prejudices will be arrayed against them, and probably, instead of seeking to isolate themselves, and form a community apart, a very short experience of our country and institutions will induce them to abandon such clanship, and mingle in the great mass of our people, as a drop of rain falls and is lost in the boundless sea.

Among the populations of the East, the Armenians are distinguished by their intelligence, which runs in the direction of administrative craftiness and subtlety. There is scarcely a court or a pashalic where one or more of the race may not be found, and always in a high position of trust—such as that of heads of departments, or even as prime ministers. They are Christians, moreover; but your true Turk knows when he is well served, and it is no claim to his favor for a man to become a rene-

gade. It is rather to be regretted that the expected Oriental immigrants should come as proselytes to Protestantism. Probably, if they had been Mohammedans, some well-meaning persons might have paraded their conversion to Christianity, but as they are already Christians, we cannot see that coming to a country where Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and all other religionists stand as on an equal footing, they acquire any additional claim to our consideration by having become Protestants. The Oriental Christian communions, such as the Armenians, the Copts, the Maronites, may form an interesting branch of study, but we have never yet found that changing from one form of Christianity to another made any man a better citizen; and it is only as citizens having certain duties to perform that we can regard the coming strangers.

It is quite as likely as not that some of these Armenians will enter into commercial pursuits. If they go into Wall street, we should say, from what we know of the abilities of their race, let operators there look to their laurels.



REFORMATION OF "THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK"—THE MOON PRAYER MEETING AT JOHN ALLEN'S LATE DANCE HOUSE, WATER STREET, N. Y., SEPT. 1ST.—SEE PAGE 3.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE extraordinary success attending the publication of the beautiful picture entitled "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," drawn and printed in oils by William Dickes, of London, and published in February last as a Supplement to No. 647 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, induced Mr. Leslie to negotiate with the same unrivaled artist for another production of similar character. Mr. Leslie, having purchased the sole right of publishing the Chromographic works of William Dickes in this country, with natural deference to American sentiment, selected an American theme for this picture, and secured the services of the late lamented Emanuel Leutze to transfer it to canvas.

The following correspondence will be interesting in this connection:

WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, March 3.

Frank Leslie, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I am here since Sunday morning, and although I have not seen the General, I have made inquiries of Generals Badeau and Parker, and have made up my mind, after reading his father's letters, to represent him as "Horse Tamer" while still a lad. Phil-hippo—Horse lover, snow scene, woods, grand horse Dave, small boy guiding him, dark on light background—will be done soon. Yours truly,
E. LEUTZE.

444 14TH ST., WASHINGTON, Monday, 23d.

Frank Leslie, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—I enclose receipt for the picture, which I sent to-day by Adams' Express.

I hope it may meet your approbation. My idea is, "The Horse Tamer." I intend to represent "how he taught Dave to pace."

By "Horse Tamer" I think of classical times—the "Diocures," Castor and Pollux, the great horse tamers—Philip of Macedonia, the father of Alexander the Great—the tamer of Bucephalus.

Washington was known as a great horse tamer. I love the man (Grant), and will do everything for him. Yours, sincerely,
E. LEUTZE.

It will be seen by the above that the subject of the picture, in printed oils, that we propose soon to introduce to the American public, is

THE HORSE TAMER;

OR,

THE BOY ULYSSES S. GRANT TEACHING DAVE TO PACE.

This picture was painted by Mr. Leutze, in Washington, shortly before his death, a circumstance which makes it precious beyond its intrinsic value. It was, immediately after its completion, forwarded to Mr. William Dickes, to be printed by chromographic process; and Mr. Leslie, having just received proofs of the work, is able to announce that it will be ready within the present month for publication as a Supplement to

Frank Leslie's ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Many newsdealers were unable to obtain a sufficient number of copies of the "FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," in consequence of their delay in sending in their orders. They preferred to wait for proofs of the picture, and found that the supply was not equal to the demand. We respectfully suggest the advantage of forwarding orders for the "HORSE TAMER" as soon as possible.

Our New Volume.

With this number we commence Volume XXVII of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER; and, at this stage of a prosperous journey through the fields of journalism, we can venture, while thanking the American public for their generous patronage, to promise for the future a still more liberal and valuable return for their favors. We have made preparations to render the present Volume an improvement upon preceding ones in point of literary merit, artistic attraction, and all the qualities essential to the popularity of an illustrated journal; and, in support of our purpose to speed beyond competition in our march of progress, we are now upon the eve of publishing the splendid national picture, printed in oils, and painted by the late lamented Leutze, to which reference is made in the notice at the head of our editorial columns. At the same time we shall commence the publication of a serial story of intense interest, from the pen of an author unrivaled in the sphere of sensational literature.

Herods.

It is a false delicacy which seeks to restrain a public journalist from commenting on crimes which derive their heinousness from the violation of the social relations of the sexes. As guardians of the public morals, we should neglect our duty if, by fear of shocking some sensibilities, we refrained from holding up to public abhorrence the crime of infanticide in its numerous forms. It is possible that the owners or proprietors of the private lying-in hospitals, which are the disgrace of our city, may reckon on the impunity secured, to some extent, by the unwillingness of the daily press

to give, in all their foul proportions, the particulars of the crimes which such places shelter and conceal. We cannot believe that it is from any indifference or callousness that the public voice is not more frequently heard devoting to perpetual infamy such dens and all those by whose licentiousness they are supported. It arises rather, we would fain believe, from a hesitancy (which would be respectable if directed to a different object), to discuss, as openly as other crimes are discussed, those which involve frailty in women, and social delinquencies in men; and there can be no doubt that this hesitancy arises from the reserve which, by education and custom, we exercise in regard to such topics in the presence of women. Far be it from us to blame such reticence of speech, which although in minor matters too frequently carried to excess, has its origin in a laudable desire to keep from contact with any impurity of thought or word those whom we love to think of as the types of purity itself. But such refinements of sentiment, such niceties of language, are misplaced when they hinder men from speaking, even in condemnation, of acts by which every decorum has already been violated. The shadow is over us—shall we ignore the substance? The hard and cruel reality presses upon us, and it is downright affectation to refuse to call things by their right names, or to hesitate in denouncing social vices, because we must use phrases which delicate ears do not like.

It is not necessary, in considering the increasing frequency of the crimes of feticide and infanticide among us, that we should involve ourselves in the controversy as to which of the three parties necessarily implicated is the most guilty. We have here only to deal with those without whose contrivances, and the facilities they offer for commission and concealment, such crimes could not exist, or at least only in a very different form. They stand in the position of receiver of stolen goods; and it is a maxim among police authorities that if receivers could be suppressed, thieves might die of starvation. Besides, being most culpable, these parties are the most easily reached by the law. Of the other two, one has never to our knowledge been criminally punished; society may point the finger of scorn, his friends may desert him, but the law exacts no retribution for simple immorality in the first instance, and criminal suggestions (even if those could be proved) in the second. As to the third partner in this trinity of infamy, her punishment is heavy enough, whether the laws add to it or not. To the possibility of a shameful death is joined the certainty of social disgrace, and the forcible disruption of those joys which form the sole compensation for the pangs of maternity, and the solace of unlawful love. Let us drop the veil over a picture which has no redeeming feature. We must pity while we condemn, and even the harshness of inflexible justice must melt, when there is no punishment it can inflict which can equal that already undergone.

But there is nothing that can or ought to shield from public reprobation the professional abettors of illegitimate births, and those who ply the still more dreadful crime of abortionists. Statistics can tell us but little as to the prevalence of these enormities; it is but seldom that the secrets of private hospitals, which are nothing but dens in which unfortunate women hope to hide their shame, are dragged before the public; and yet nothing is more notorious than that such evils exist, ay, and flourish, too. A spacious and gaudily appointed mansion in the Fifth avenue, horses, carriages, footmen, and all the adjuncts of wealth, are the outward and visible signs of the fortune which rewards such infamy. Such things are as patent to the public as the Central Park itself. Men talk of them as of public institutions. Honest and respectable citizens can find no language strong enough to denounce such an outrage on public decency. While many of the baser sort, envying such display of wealth, straightway emulate its possessor in the nefarious means by which it was acquired and is maintained. Shall we conclude, then, that public sentiment is deadened as to such crimes, and that the community, because it does not repress with a strong hand, approves of concealing the fruits of profligacy by such methods as we have indicated? By no means. On the contrary, we are convinced that the people would delight to see some law passed, and rigidly enforced, by which such blots on our civilization could be wiped out. The difficulty is, to frame a law which should not crush the innocent with the guilty. We conceive that a system of license, and of rigid inspection (not by the police—let us be saved from that at any cost—but by able medical men), would wipe out such a refuge for crime as No. 6 Amity Place, now so prominently, and no doubt, inconveniently for its proprietors, before the public.

Such places thrive by advertising, and if the daily press, particularly the *Herald*, had a proper sense of what is owing to public morals, no such advertising would, under any guise, be suffered to appear. "Child for Adoption,"

"Private Practitioners," etc., etc., are but signals hoisted to indicate where depravity may come and make its home; but we think a strong appeal from proper authority to our brethren of the press would suffice to shut out all such public notices from their columns.

We confess the difficulty is still greater in reaching the more serious crime of feticide. Greater, because the only two parties concerned are equally interested in keeping it secret; and more serious, because the destruction of life in a country like this is the greatest crime that can be committed. The means of subsistence do not, as elsewhere, press closely on the population. We have room for unnumbered millions, and a welcome for all who come. Hence, the crime we are alluding to does not proceed from the dread of poverty, but from fear of shame; and, as might naturally be expected under such conditions, it is almost unknown among our poorer classes, and prevails only among the higher and well-to-do. This forms also another difficulty in its detection; for, when fatal results ensue, there is money enough to purchase silence and corrupt justice itself. What, then, shall be done? Shall we increase the penalties? Revive the stocks and whipping-posts, or even make it a capital offense? We may be very sure that the increased risk would only cause double precautions, and proportionably higher fees, while the abomination would not be checked. No! The curses of prosperity are upon us. For nearly a century we have labored and striven for wealth, and now we have attained it, we find that it is not an unmixed good. For, with wealth has come luxury, with luxury, idleness, and with idleness, every kind of vice. Education and an improved tone of morals may do a great deal toward a wholesome change, but some grand financial storm, which should shatter the false gods that Society has erected, would best cleanse and purify our social atmosphere. It is some consolation to think that the heart of the country is sound, and that the rottenness we depict is seen in the top branches alone.

Prospects of a War in Europe.

MAKING bricks without straw was an easy task compared with instructing the public on matters about which journalists cannot possibly know anything. An attentive reader of the daily papers must end his perusal of editorial speculations on the state of Europe in a condition of pitiable bewilderment. All he can learn may be summed up in a few words—if there is no war, there will be peace, and if peace be broken, there will be war—a conclusion worthy of Jack Bunsby, but which is about the sum of what the organs of public opinion know themselves, or can teach others.

Let us look at all that can be known, and it will be apparent how small is the ground for any certainty as to the future. It may be, in fact, this very uncertainty that leads to so much speculation, which, after all, is only guess-work, more or less plausible. We know, for instance, that France is armed—armed to the teeth, is the favorite expression; that is, that her army is on a war footing, her arsenals fully equipped, and her treasury overflowing. But do these preparations for war mean war? Quite the reverse, say the Imperialists, taking their cue from the Emperor. When France is contented, Europe is at peace, say they; which is very pretty, but, unfortunately, not true, unless France is never contented except when straining at the leash. France, then, being ready for the fray, what is there to fight for, and who is there to fight with? The reply comes, that Napoleon will fight because the elections are going against the Government—which to some minds would be a good reason for his remaining at peace; and again, that France always dreams of the Rhine for a boundary, and there is a good chance now of gaining it—which may or may not be, and these, really, are matters about which everybody has strong prejudices.

Then look at Germany, or rather, Prussia. It is certain that the consolidation for which the late war was undertaken is far from being accomplished: it exists in appearance, but not in reality. The form is there, but the hearts of the various populations are not won over to their new masters. Some people pretend that Bismarck must have peace in order to complete the work of German unity. Others, again, maintain that war with France would be welcomed, as it would bind together all Northern Germany in the pursuit of a common object. Who shall decide, when such discordant views are enunciated, each apparently by authority?

There are probably two, and but two, men in Europe, who know whether peace will be maintained. The one is the French Emperor, who says that it will. But the very fact of his saying this convinces many persons that it will not. The other is Count Bismarck, whose public declarations are likewise understood by their contraries. Now, as the only two men who know what lies in the future—who, in fact, have that future in their hands—cannot be believed when they predicate either peace or

war, when their acts are capable of construction either way, when all we know of popular sentiment is susceptible of a double interpretation, how shall we, at this distance, pronounce authoritatively on what it is impossible for us or any one else to know? There are not even probabilities on each side to be weighed, nor can the interests of the opposing parties be balanced with the most distant approach to accuracy, because the first elements for such calculations are wanting. We are reduced to the merest guesswork, and can find out as much by tossing up for either side, as by hours hard study of conflicting newspaper statements. All we know is, that this country can do nothing to retard or advance events, and that if war should be declared, it cannot hurt us; while by helping both sides with impartial neutrality, we shall probably benefit ourselves.

A Practical Application.

THE Washington correspondence of the daily journals alludes to the dead-lock in the Treasury Department, as if it were in the natural course of things. It asserts that the dispute as to patronage is the sole cause of the trouble; that Mr. Secretary McCulloch desires to appoint a certain number of Democrats to office, and Mr. Commissioner Rollins will consent to none but Republicans. We cannot undertake to vouch for the correctness of these statements, though there can be no doubt that, whether true or not, they resemble truth, and convey the popular estimate of the working of the Internal Revenue Department.

It is bad enough that the laws should be so defectively framed that a subordinate should have any show of reason for squabbling with the head of his department as to the right of making appointments to office; still more, that the revenues of the Government should suffer by such an unseemly dispute. But it is beyond all bearing that the delay in the selection of officers to carry on the revenue service arises, not from the difficulty of picking out well qualified men, nor from a deliberation which might seem to imply care and discrimination in the choice, but simply because Democrats are nominated by one side, and Republicans by the other. It is quite manifest that there is no question of capacity, honesty, or fidelity in the candidates. Their political opinions are the only standard of fitness, and if it could be imagined that a man having every qualification were yet to declare that he had no politics, he would, instead of being taken as a suitable compromise, be, metaphorically, kicked by both sides.

In our last issue but one, we laid before our readers some account of the bill introduced into Congress by Mr. Jenckes, designed to put an end to such scandalous squabbles over the patronage of a public office as this piece of Washington news gives us glimpses of. The present illustration is most apt. We see proscription for political opinion on one side, and rewards on the other, and when it happens that appointments require the consent of two parties who, as in this case, are of opposite sides, the two forces neutralize one another, no appointments are made, and the public service suffers. Is it possible that such absurdities can continue much longer? We think not. The common sense of the people has found a voice in the bill we have alluded to, and it must sooner or later prevail. It would be well for gentlemen of the civil service to be looking up their arithmetics, their grammars, and their spelling-books. The time is not far off when political antecedents will be of no avail, when votes for the existing Administration will be no set off against plausible ignorance or useful knavery.

THE DRAMATIC WEEK.

THERE are two events in the record of existence of any public man, who has, in any way, attracted the admiration or respect of his generation, that never fail to call forth sympathy or regret. The one is his quitting public life—the other is his quitting life, altogether.

We are happy to say, that it is in the least sinful of the two, that we are called upon to say, "Farewell" to William Wheatley.

Three years since, he did not exactly thank us for recalling the date of his first appearance at the "Old" Park, although the memory proved ourselves also to be no longer in the "flush and hey-day of youth." We will not, therefore, wound his feelings by recalling it again, as, were his hair as it once was, he has still a few, fig-ure, style, and ease, which would do no discredit to Benedict, Charles Surface, Mercutio, Cassio, Bassanio, or any of the various class of characters, he was once wont to appear in, and in rendering which, he earned for himself so firm and positive a reputation.

We have little doubt, however, that he prizes more the reputation of having been the most successful manager of Niblo's Garden, since the retirement of Niblo himself, and it is with great gratification we know—when he quitted the management, leaving it in the hands of Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer—that he retired with a sufficiency of that golden salve for most human ills, which had not very extensively rewarded his earlier exertions. Mr. Wheatley was not merely a brilliant actor, but, in every sense of the words, a courteous, refined and honorable gentleman. If the public does not sustain an actual loss in his positive retirement as an artist—because, of late years, the cares of management had withdrawn him almost entirely from the stage—it cannot fail to regret that he is no longer a caterer for its amusement. If, perchance, he might shock the moralist by his patronage of the leg-attractions of the ballet, he did so in compliance with the demands of

public taste. Had Shakespeare drawn as good houses, he would, doubtless, have preferred Shakespeare. Did the public require the further expurgation of the Swan of Avon, he would, beyond any doubt, have sliced his song, remorselessly. A clever manager obeys his public, as Henry Ward Beecher or Mr. Cheever follow the wishes of their congregations. Who, in the present age, is so selfish that he can afford to cast the first stone at either of them? It is, therefore, with no qualifying expressions, that our "Fare! old friend!" is addressed to William Wheatley. He has prospered, and deservedly so. In retiring, we question much whether he leaves behind him one personal enemy, either within or without his past profession.

In the meantime, the "Barbe Bleue" continues to attract the public more and more—doing ample justice to the foresight of the *père Bateman*, who first made us acquainted with the impudent musical genius of Offenbach. The *Tostée*, with a section of his double troupe, are on their way to enlighten Montreal, whose bishop has obligingly placed their performances under ecclesiastical ban.

At Wallack's, sparkling *Lola* was advertised in her "Last Nights"—as if such an advertisement could draw one more idolater to admire her, on the near side of the foot-lights.

"Foul Play" continues to be performed at the New York Theatre. It has at all events struck a heavy blow upon the copyright demands of Mr. Bourcicault in this country. Mr. Reade and himself have quarreled. Each one is striving to undersell the other. Their two versions are both performing now in Boston, and in all probability elsewhere. Why is it that one of them has been so unceremoniously suppressed at the Broadway Theatre? Mr. Reade, of course, makes no pretense of being an American citizen, and can consequently hold no copyright, even as hypothetically as Mr. Bourcicault does. Any advantage he may derive here, from the performance of his adaptation, depends upon the managerial prodigality of America. May we presume that Mr. Lloyd has repudiated the demands of Mr. Bourcicault entirely? If so, he has originated the quarrel upon the question of dramatic copyright, in consideration of which, we feel inclined to condone the morally offensive manner in which it has been done.

At the Broadway, the other "Foul or Fair Play" has been withdrawn in compliance with the injunction laid upon it, although upon what principle such an injunction could have been obtained, we are at a loss to conceive. It has, however, allowed Mrs. F. W. Lander to commence her series of Crowned Heads—the Queens of England, Scotland, France, Colchis, Tragedy, Comedy, etc., etc. She began upon Monday week, in her grand rendering of that *Queen Elizabeth*, to whom we were first introduced by Madame Ristori.

Banvard's Museum has reopened under a new name—it is now Wood's Museum and Metropolitan Theatre. Maggie Mitchell and the Siamese Twins endorse either appellation.

"Humpty Dumpty" is still at the Olympic. The Old Bowery, remodeled—Bryant's Minstrels' Opera House—Tony Pastor—Kelly & Leon, and Lindgard's Opera Comique, are now all open, and drawing their hundreds upon hundreds nightly, while the Stadt Theatre, redecorated, on Tuesday last, produced, for the lover of the German tongue, a great German artist—Hermann Hendrichs, who parallels Januscheck in emotional power, more closely than he does the bogus sensationism of Bandmann. Mr. Grau also threatens us, largely, on Opera Comique. A musical Ristori, in a comic way, is seriously, however, a difficult thing to find. Besides, has not the *père Bateman* the start of him? We can scarcely congratulate him upon the fact he has displayed in selecting the color of his last card. He will need to play it with great skill and judgment.

ART GOSSIP.

AMERICAN art is beginning to find just appreciation in England, though the blunders made by the art critics over there regarding things American are both frequent and amusing. A writer in the London *Art Journal*, for instance, while making favorable mention of some new paintings recently exhibited by Mr. Albert Bierstadt, speaks of the Sierra Nevada as being "a snowier part of the great range of the Andes, some three hundred miles to the east of San Francisco." The same writer speaks of Bierstadt's "Storm in the Rocky Mountains," exhibited here some years since, as "A Storm in the Andes." Church and Bierstadt seem to have got mixed up together in the mind of that critic. Bierstadt is now exhibiting in London a midnight view of "Vesuvius in Eruption," with some striking effects of moonlight contrasted with the red and angry glow of the volcano.

Mr. Edwin Forbes has completed, in the clay, the central figure of a monumental group, on the modeling of which he has lately been engaged. The composition of the group is to be as follows: A color-sergeant, badly wounded, lies prostrate on the ground to the left-hand of an officer, who has seized the colors, and, holding them aloft, stands defiantly, sword in hand, in defense of them. To the right of the officer is the color-corporal, crouching low, as if about to receive assaults with the point of his bayonet. The figure of the officer, which is the only one yet finished, is full of fire and action, and the type of character selected by the artist is truly American in every feature and fibre. We shall refer again to this group as soon as it shall have been completed.

The best exhibition of works by American artists now to be seen in the city, is the collection on view in Snodgrass's Gallery, which has lately been reopened with new and improved arrangements. Several pictures by Inness are comprised in the collection.

Wyant has two landscapes, very crisp and solid in manner, and somewhat approaching to those of Inness in color.

There is a large landscape of Massachusetts scenery, by James M. Hart, and William Hart is represented here by some smaller pictures.

Two seascape pictures by C. Griewold have many points of excellence.

A gem by S. B. Gifford is here—a small landscape under the Indian Summer phase with the sun looming drowsily through the warm autumnal fog.

A large Spanish piece, by S. Coleman, is a good example of the artist's manner of treating such subjects. J. G. Brown has several of his quaint and pretty renderings of child-life here.

M. F. H. De Haas is to be recognized in some dashing sea-pieces, large and small. The best picture yet painted, by M. J. Head, is also here—a small landscape of marsh meadows, with a well-arranged perspective of hay-stacks receding into the luminous fog.

A large coast scene, by W. F. W. Dana, with fishermen and boats, has much rich color, and its composition is meritorious.

J. D. Smillie has, on the walls, a pleasant gray picture of a rocky ravine in the mountains, with ragged pine-trees. There are two large landscape-pieces here by W. Whittredge. C. Ogilvie has one of pleasant character, with the foliage well massed.

A fresh pastoral scene, with mountains beyond, and a placid stream, or pool, in the foreground, has been well wrought out by E. Gay. Besides these, there are many examples from the pens of Bellows, Shattuck, E. Van Elsen, and other well-known New York artists.

BOOK NOTICES.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT. By ALBERT D. RICHARDSON. Hartford: American Publishing Company.

Probably the best life of Grant yet issued. It is not a mere narrative of his campaigns. The author has rather sought to show what made him the man he is—

the stock from which he sprang; the molding influences of his boyhood; his early military and civil life; his intellectual growth and political education during the great rebellion; his opinions since on national and international affairs—chiefly the difficult and ever-changing questions involved in the stupendous problem of readjusting the political and industrial relations of ten millions of people, occupying half a continent; and through all the little things, indicating the interior life of the man—what he thought, and hoped, and feared. Forty engravings, including a number of fac-similes and maps, illustrate the work.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM VIRTUE & YORSTON: The August number of *The Art Journal*, with two fine steel engravings, "God's Acre" and "The Controversy." The Paris Exhibition Catalogue is concluded in this number.

FROM THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY: "The Gem of the Lake," a novel, founded on actual incidents. By Mrs. SARAH A. WRIGHT.

FROM E. STEIGER: No. 7 of the "Workshop."

FROM JAMES MILLER: "Headland Home." By Madame DE LEBERDIER.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROS.: "The Count of Moret; or, Richelieu and His Rivals." By A. DUMAS.

FROM LOBING: "Married from Pique." From the German of E. JUNKER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE heat has at last abated, and the temperature has fallen, and so has some rain, which has been prayed for in the churches. The heat has been very fatal to infants, and almost as many as were born succumbed under the age of one year, for the two last weeks, in London. There has, however, been no epidemic prevalent amongst the population, and only one case of Asiatic cholera has been reported. After attributing the spread of this last malady to air, water, electricity, and placing it amongst the "mysteries of medicine," the conviction has at last gained ground that it is infectious, especially by effluvia. But that scourge has not visited England. In France, some cases are reported from Chambery, but it does not appear to have spread. Besides this affliction, destructive fires have been very prevalent, several houses and warehouses having been burnt. Some blame has been attached to the Fire Brigade in consequence, but very unjustly, as the Brigade is admirably organized and equipped. It is recruited almost wholly from sailors and marines, has well-appointed steam fire-engines, and telegraphic communications to all the stations. But it cannot extinguish a raging fire, and probably never will be able. The best efforts of Fire Brigades are to limit the amount of property and houses "licked up by the devouring element." Attached to the Fire Brigade is a division of "salvage" men, who remove in carts what property they can from the places likely to be attacked by the flames.

One or two pleasure cars have broken down, and injured several of their passengers. These cars are in great request at this season of the year, parochial schools and other institutions proceeding in them, with flags and music, "to green glades" and "grassy slopes," to let the pallid denizens of the great metropolis imbibe a little fresh air in the neighboring county, or to inspect the palace of Hampton Court—a favorite resort of the Londoners.

The Scientific Societies have also been "starring" it in the provinces, the Archæological Institute at Lancaster, and its rival, the British Archæological Association, at Worcester. Both have been well-received and hospitably entertained. In addition to which, the British Association is to meet soon, and on the 20th instant, the International Congress of Prehistoric Archæology, which is to set right the "primitive man," and "stone-weapon" period, which is the principal archæological topic of the day.

Approves of archæology, a copper twopenny piece struck by George II. for one of the American colonies sold for \$360.

Blackfriars Bridge, which is now building, will, it is said, be finished by the end of the year; but, to judge of its present condition, it appears hardly probable. The piers are of brick, revetted with gray granite; the arches, of wrought iron; at the side of each pier is to be placed a column of red granite with a capital of Caen stone. When finished, it will be one of the finest bridges over the Thames, and surpass Westminster Bridge. There have been some engineering difficulties in laying the piers, but they are all over.

The controversy about the *Mon* poem has subsided. The experts declare it to be P. M., not J. M., but the critics declare it has the true flavor of the old bard.

Archbishop Manning has been pronouncing a eulogy of Thomas A. Becket, in order to raise a church to his memory in Rome. Rome has at present more churches than congregations, so that part of the efforts of the archbishop is superfluous. But he claims Becket as a great reformer, who anticipated by centuries the present movement to divorce the union between Church and State. Manning has forgotten Becket's attempt to prevent "clerks" being tried for criminal or other offenses by civil tribunals instead of ecclesiastical courts, and delivered over to the secular arm without benefit of the clergy. The priest was to be placed above the law; and this is a condition which, not submitted to six centuries ago, is not likely to be agreed to now, when ecclesiastical influence, if not pretensions, have declined.

The Government scheme of Audit, which the new act would bring into operation, is postponed by the Treasury for the present. No one seems to know how it will work; the Treasury has ever been hostile to it, and the complication and difficulty attendant on it are embarrassing. It requires more consideration and genius than the so-called "creatures of signature" can bring to bear on the subject.

Menken, the actress, has died at Paris. She was the daughter of a Spanish Jew, of New Orleans, and had two husbands. Menken had fine limbs, and made a profuse display of them in the character of Mamezelle, which she played at Astley's, a year or two ago, in London, and was admired by the "fast" part of the Town. Like *Lola Montes*, she had generous impulses, and has ordered "Thou Knowest" to be inscribed on her tombstone, leaving the imagination of the reader to supply the rest.

France is at the present moment on the "bubble." Rochefort, a sarcastic editor of a small journal called the *Lanterne*, which makes malicious citations and short extracts from the works of the Emperor, or else writes cutting paragraphs on the state of affairs, has fled to Brussels and relighted his *Lanterne* there. The French Government proceeded to the extremity of snatching this "magic lantern" out of the hands of the readers. The students of the Sorbonne, too, have had their little *émeute*; one of them, a son of the late General Cavaignac, having refused to receive, amidst the plaudits of his fellow-students, his prize in the presence of the Prince Imperial. The Emperor has been advised, it is said, not to review the National Guard, for fear of some demonstration. The intellectual classes in France have always disliked the Empire, but its sheet-anchor, the Army, still remains firm, so that nothing will come of these demonstrations. An uneasy sentiment also pervades the commercial classes. It is not disaffection, but uncertainty. They know not what to do.

The Queen has gone to Lucerne—for the sake of her health, it is said, but either for some political object or the marriage of one of her daughters. The Queen of Holland is to meet her, so that it may turn out for a Dutch prince.

The German Unity is not by any means complete, as

the South Germans show an evident leaning to Austria. Prussia should have amalgamated them all while "the iron was hot." Bismarck, however, has uttered a pacific *sudorino* to the South Germans.

An important concession has been made by Turkey: permission for Britishers to hold landed property. There is no country in the world siter for colonization than Asiatic Turkey, in many districts of which the soil is fertile.

The Reformation of "The Wickedest Man in New York"—Prayer Meeting at John Allen's (Late) Dance House, Water Street, New York, August 30th.

On Sunday morning, August 30th, the following announcement, written in a bold, plain hand, was found posted on the door of 304 Water street:

"THIS DANCE HOUSE IS CLOSED!"

"No gentlemen admitted unless accompanied by their wives, who wish to employ Magdalens as servants."

This notice was in accordance with the promise given by John Allen to abandon the infamous vocation that had earned him the sobriquet of "The Wickedest Man in New York." Water street and its neighborhood was not a little excited by the evidence of moral inspiration thus posted in the worst part of that bad locality. Whether John Allen be sincere or not, it is for time to determine; but certainly he has commenced his career of reformation with apparent earnestness. The prayer-meeting held in the abandoned Dance House on the 30th of August is described in detail by one of our contemporaries, and, in connection with our illustration of the scene, the article will be found interesting and amusing:

Water street was arrayed in all its wickedness on Sunday evening, 30th August. By contrast, such streets seem wicked on Sunday than week days. The evening was close and sultry; the tenements and dance-houses filthy and warm. The heat drove the residents out in the open air. Not that the change was much for the better, for the stench that rose from the filth and garbage of the gutters was intolerable. Men sat smoking and swearing, women in very dishabille costumes kept them company in both, while ragged boys and girls—gutter-snipes as they are called—rolled about and played with each other in the mud. The crazy music of bands, the croaking of a worn-out piano, and the groaning whine of a dilapidated violin, floated on the heavy air from inside many a dance-house, inviting passers-by to enter these ante-rooms of perdition. There was one house, however, from which all this noise and wickedness had passed away, out of which the evil spirits had been cast, and whose proprietor had turned over a new and very important leaf in the book of his life. This was 304, the house of John Allen.

At seven o'clock we reached the house, and found John sitting outside the door. For coolness he had discarded coat and vest, and sat in his shirt-sleeves. He was in a good humor, and cordially invited us to enter, remarking as we did so, that he was going to have a prayer-meeting there as soon as the clergyman came. The parlor had been arranged for the purpose. Tables were placed in the centre of the room, and John told one of his boys to "chuck down a few Bibles and hymn-books, and bring in a few more chairs." He then inquired:

"Are you a religious personage, for if so, I'll call in a clergyman to talk with you."

We expressed a preference for a discourse with himself. He spoke unreservedly of his reformation, said he was glad he got out of the business, and was determined to make up in every way he could for the balance of his life. Turning his face full upon us, he inquired if he looked like a scoundrel. We confessed he did not. His lower jaws were heavy and protrude, and that is the only bad portion of his physiognomy.

"Two of the girls," he said, "are to be provided with situations, and those who won't reform will skeddle to some other house like what this was."

One of the women wanted to get some whisky, when John replied:

"No more rum in this house, not by any means." Chester was called in. He was dressed somewhat like his father, and following the parental example, had doffed his coat and vest.

John gave way to his redeeming weakness, his love for the boy, and the pride he takes in his almost precocious smartness. It is really wonderful what an amount of dry information that little head contains. His memory must be very retentive. The catechising began:

Father—How old are you?
Chester—Six years.
Father—When were you six?
Chester—The 6th of last May, at a quarter before nine in the morning.

Father—How many Presidents were there?
Chester—Seventeen.

Father—How many were Freemasons?
Chester—Sixteen.

Father—Which wasn't a Mason?
Chester—Millard Filmore.

Father—Name the Presidents?
In response, Chester commenced a rhyme embracing the names of all the Presidents, concluding with the following lines:

"Lincoln who bravely attempted to save us,
And Johnson who is just going to leave us."

"Now," said Allen to Chester, "hold on; I must make a line for Seymour. We're Seymour men here." After assuring the audience that he was the author of Chester's rhyme, he threw his head to one side, and began to cogitate. His muse, however, declined to respond, so he said, "I'll get in Seymour to-morrow."

Chester was then put through a course of musical sprouts, and he answered readily, and with surprising accuracy. The only question he missed was when his proud parent inquired the year the first steamer crossed the ocean. Chester said 1868, then came down to 1862, and, finally, his father told him 1816. The visitors began to arrive, however, and John and Chester retired to put on their outer garments, for John has ideas of propriety.

Messrs. Arnold, Van Meter, Oliver, Dyer, and other gentlemen, dropped in, and each was warmly welcomed by John. He stood at the door inviting his neighbors to come to prayer-meeting. "Ye're all welcome, every one of ye. Come in boys, walk along girls, I'll do you no harm and may do you a sight of good." Four men entered. They were sailor-looking, and their red faces wore the outward sign of whisky within. They knew John and shook his hand, but looked sheepish when he told them to "go in and pray." They did not come for prayers, and were dumfounded to find a notorious hell turned into a house of worship. They slunk out half ashamed, and doubtless went directly to one of the dens near by.

The time is half-past seven, and the company have arrived. It is a motley assemblage. On the right hand side are the women of the town, red hot from the dance-houses in the vicinity. Their faces are bloated, and whisky is the rouge with which they have reddened their complexions. The redness is permanent. Dressed in lawdy finery, their clothes hanging round loose on their bodies, some of them dirty as filth and foulness and disease can make them; others, not long at their fearful vocation, have not yet fallen into the depths from which these persons must be rescued before morality can be taught them.

One young girl, sixteen years of age, not bad-looking, on whose features crime had not yet stamped its seal, looked on the opposite side of the room, where some lady visitors were seated, and, with a deep sigh, said, "Oh, God! I wish I was like them. I was once, but it's too late now!"

The tears dropped over her lost purity, and, unable longer to stand the contrast she had instituted, she rose quickly and went forth to the wickedness whence she came. Another said, "These are good people, but what can they do for us?" Others of them laughed and sneered, but when youth and home, and mother were

spoken of, the eyes of the most hardened were brimming with tears.

The men were a study. Some of the worst characters of Water street were present. Pickpockets, gentle loafers, bérghars, bullies, dog-fighters, stood side by side. Some were dirty, most of them low-browed and villainous-looking. Kit Burns, of Sportman's Hall, stood outside, not being bold enough to venture in. Coleman was there too—Peter Coleman. This person is not known to fame unless in the Courts. If John Allen is the wickedest man in New York, certainly Peter Coleman has the hardest-looking face. His head is round, like a cat's-head; the cheeks puffed out, almost hiding the small, sunning eyes; the nose a horrible pug; the forehead furrowed deeply; the whole forming a countenance, which, when filled with liquor, as it was last night, glows like a red hot coal. His body is short and stout, his feet are crooked, one of them lame, and one of his hands is deformed. We are glad to say this man was impressed, and confessed he would like to be a better man.

Thirty children came in to see the fun, as they termed it. They are unclean, their clothes rent in many places, their faces thrashed, their hair uncombed. Many have no shirts or caps, but then the weather is warm. These children are "gutter snipes," as they are called. Some of them are born in the gutter, bred in the gutter, and die in the gutter. Among them are bright faces too, and had they been born under better auspices, they would be bright, intelligent, school-going children, and not outcasts, being educated already in the rudiments of crime. Two or three little girls, with intelligent, handsome faces, sit together in one seat. They are children of men like John Allen, who, like him, may love their children, but have not courage to leave their horrible trade for their sake, if for nothing else.

Mrs. Allen sat at the table near Mr. Arnold, her baby in her arms. She expressed herself overjoyed at John's reformation, and said she had been awaiting it for years. John stood in different parts of the room during the evening, one time with his arms crossed upon his breast behind the bar near Mr. Van Meter, and again at the door. He looked not sad, but rather proud that he had created such a sensation. The stillness of the "Wickedest Man in New York," will never kill John Allen. He is fond of notoriety in his own way, and he has got it. He was attentive during the service, joined in the singing, and stood with covered face and bowed head when prayer was being made. Chester went round the room, and his bright face and manly way made him welcome to every one.

The service was opened by Mr. Arnold, who gave out the hymn:

"More like Jesus would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell with me."

All who knew the tune or words, or could read the hymn-book, joined in the singing. The voices of the women were distinctly heard, and they were sweet, though it is true that the effect of all the voices was not harmony. One woman persisted in singing the words, "More like Jesus" all the time. She knew no more. The gamins kicked up a row, and added their voices to the discord. Eventually the hymn was sung through. Mr. Hamilton prayed, but was interrupted by the boys, who commenced playing pranks on each other, and the laughter of the grown-up children added to the confusion. As soon as the prayer was ended, the boys were put out. Quiet having been restored, Mr. Van Meter gave out the hymn commencing:

"O come to Jesus now, Jesus is here;
All low before him bow, Jesus is here."

This was sung with much feeling and correctness. Mr. Arnold then spoke a few plain-telling words. The next hymn is entitled, "There's room for all." It was well rendered, and at its conclusion Mr. Van Meter prayed. Mr. Oliver Dyer made a short address, the most effective made during the evening. It was short, pithy, and to the point. "Jesus said it all," was sung, and Mr. Arnold said a few words, and Dr. Perry followed in prayer. Mr. Arnold then called upon John Allen to say something. John smiled, looked bashful, and said:

"I don't know what to say. I rejoice to have a prayer meeting here. It is a friendly gathering, and I shall be glad to have it repeated next Sunday night."

A portion of one of the hymns previously sung was given out, and got through all right, with the exception that in the middle of it a woman put in her head and called out another, saying her place was on fire. The woman called did not stir, however. Mr. Arnold finally gave out the hymn, "Shall I be there?" which he said was the favorite of little Chester. It was well sung. Chester sat on the bar counter alongside Mr. Arnold, and his clear, strong voice was heard all over the room singing his choice hymn. After some remarks by Dr. Ward, of Newark, N. J., the doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced. It was announced that, at the request of the Wickedest Man, a daily prayer meeting would be held at noon, commencing Monday, September 1st. The visitors bade John and his family good-night, and went home with plenty of food for reflection.

COURTIER'S WIT.

AN anecdote is in circulation which professes to explain the foundation of Count Bismarck's fortune. King William went out hunting, and fired at a hare, which most incontinently ran away, to the grand discomfiture of the king.

"Ah," observed Bismarck, who was in attendance, "that hare was no true courtier."

"Why not?" inquired the king, who really could have had no reason to suppose that he would be.

"Sire, had he known the first duty of a courtier, he would have feigned death, since the king intended to kill him."

This clear appreciation of the duties of office so impressed his majesty, that he speedily offered Bismarck an opportunity of displaying his talents in positions of trust. For a fortunate *sauf* is of more influence in directing the fortunes of those who depend on royal favor than any other circumstance. Thus, during the reign of Louis Philippe and the administration of Guizot, M. de Sartiges was sent as envoy to a little Turkish town, already endowed with a French Consul. Shortly after his arrival, an *émeute* occurred, in which the consul distinguished himself greatly to his own approbation, and wrote an account of the proceedings to M. Guizot. "Thanks to my energy, your Excellency, your envoy has been saved. I have encountered immense dangers in my efforts for him." M. de Sartiges added in a postscript: "And I also have not escaped unscathed. I was hit by an immense stone in the back of my servant."

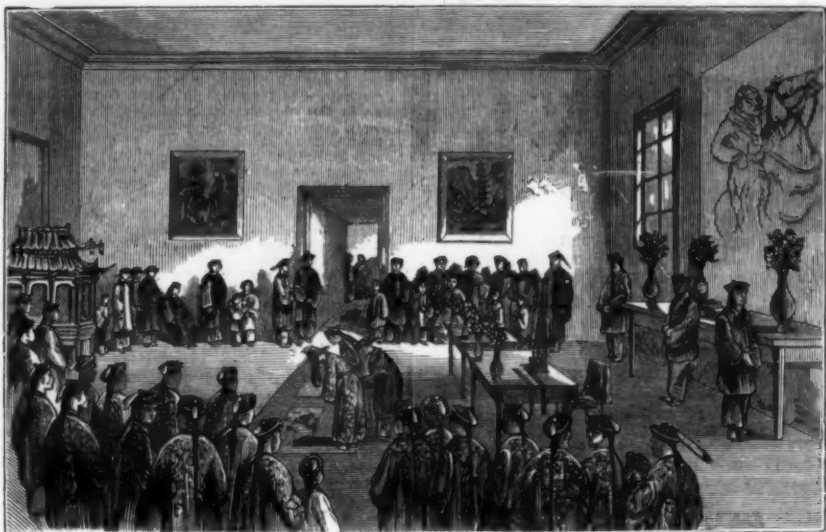
At this witty commentary on the consul's zeal, Guizot laughed heartily, and showed the letter to the king, who shared his amusement. "Since that young man has been so cruelly stoned in Turkey," said the monarch, "we must find him a mission somewhere in Europe," and from that time M. de Sartiges continued on the rise.

THE students of Paris have been making somewhat of a political demonstration. At the annual distribution of prizes at the Sorbonne, recently, the young Prince Imperial presided, and was, it is stated, coldly received. The son of the late General Cavaignac, the Republican President, who was seized and cast into prison at the time of the *coup d'état*, was among those to whom prizes had been awarded; but when summoned to walk up to the Prince Imperial to receive his prize, the lad, who was accompanied and encouraged by his mother, obstinately refused to move. Some of the students present actually cheered this "act of defiance," and when the ceremony had concluded, the agitation communicated itself to the streets, where shouts of "Vive Rochefort," "Vive la Lanterne," and "Vive Cavaignac," are said to have been heard.

A PERSON meeting an old man with silver hair and a very black, bushy beard, asked him how it happened that his beard was not so gray as his head.

"Because," said the old gentleman, "it is twenty years younger."

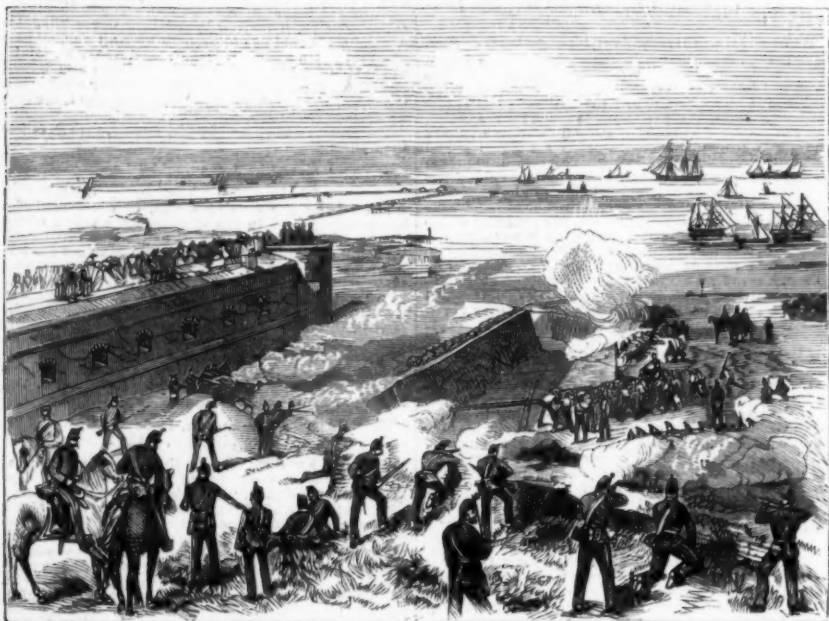
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 5.



CHINESE WEDDING, AT SHANGHAI.



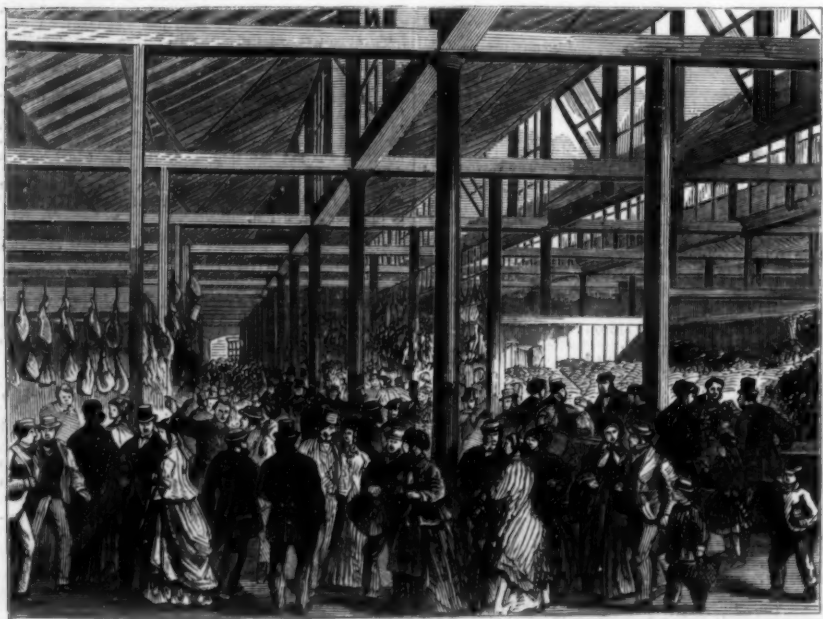
THE BEATALEHEM, OR HOUSE OF BREAD, IN AN ABYSSINIAN CHURCH.



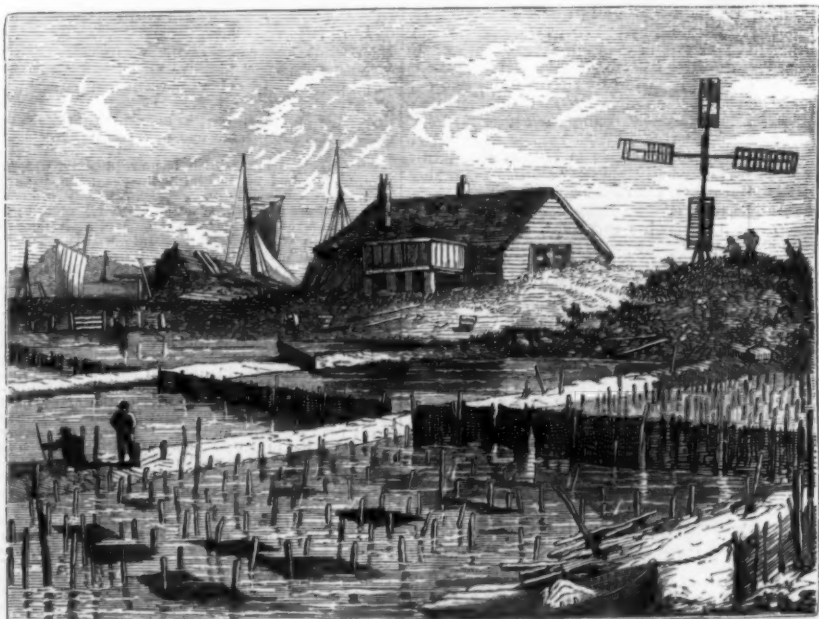
SIEGE OPERATIONS AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND—ATTACK BY THE FLYING BRIDGE ON THE REDAN.



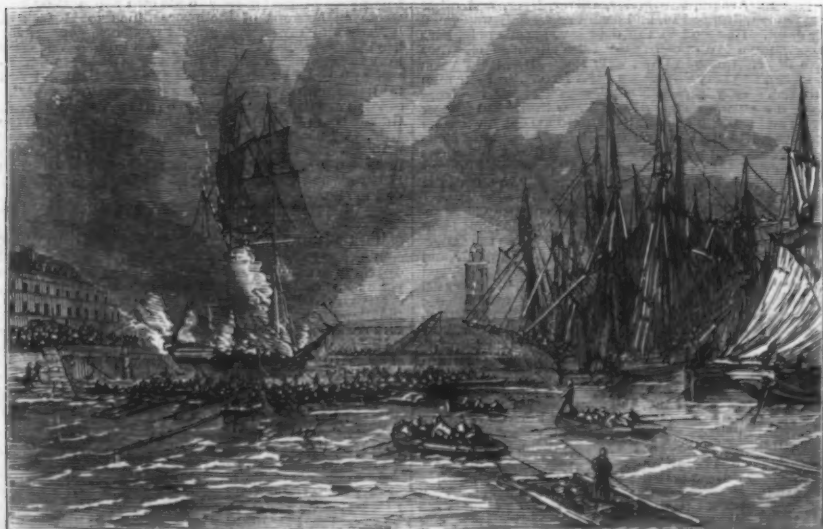
INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF KING LEOPOLD, AT ANTWERP.



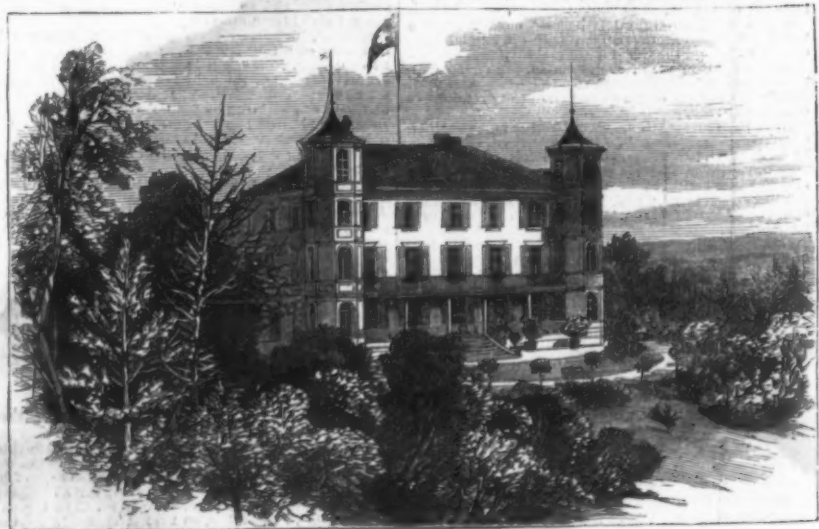
THE NEW PEOPLE'S MARKET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON.



OYSTER CULTURE AT SOUTH HAYLING, ENGLAND—THE SALTURNS.



FIRE IN DUNKIRK HARBOR, FRANCE.



THE VILLA WALDE, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.



THE LATEST PARISIAN TOILETS FOR LADIES.—SEE PAGE 11.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED
EUROPEAN PRESS.

A Chinese Wedding at Shanghai.

The following interesting particulars of the marriage ceremony of China are furnished by an officer of the British Navy, who attended the wedding of a distinguished Chinaman, while stationed at the port of Shanghai: All the company wore their best dresses: long

loose coats or pelisses of dark purple silk, lined with skins or embroidered, under which they had lighter gowns of blue silk; their heads were covered with silk or velvet hats, topped with colored glass buttons and tassels. They sat at several little tables, six guests at each, and feasted on twenty-six different dishes. The bridegroom, who was distinguished by wearing a large necklace of crystal or green jade, assisted the host and other friends in serving the company. The dining-

room, in which the ceremony was to take place, was cleared immediately after the repast; only two tables being left, on which were placed several large candlesticks, decked with paper flowers and containing lighted candles; some joss-sticks were likewise set burning on the tables, in front of which a scarlet foot-cloth and cushions were laid, upon which the wedded were to pledge their mutual vows. The company by this time was increased by the arrival of many ladies,

handsomely attired in sky-blue silk pelisses, lined with ermine, and a profusion of jewelry, necklaces, bracelets, rings, with gold pins and other ornaments in their hair; they had also their pretty tiny shoes. The gorgeously-decorated sedan-chair in which the bride was carried, having been borne into the room with a stately procession, the curtains around the chair were then drawn aside by the bride's nurse, who at once led her forth; a bird of the most gorgeous plumage, quite a bundle of



Alexander Point.

Cook's Inlet.

Cape Douglas

Cape Olenok.

St. Augustin Island.

WRECK OF THE BARK "TORRENT," UPON THE ROCKS AT THE ENTRANCE TO ENGLISH HARBOR, COOK'S INLET, ALASKA TERRITORY.—SEE PAGE 11.

embroidery, in scarlet, black and gold, with a belt of pink silk and ivory round her waist, and her head, crowned with a tiara of false jewels, and further decorated with crimson paper flowers on a chignon, and with a crimson veil, two feet in length, entirely hiding her face. The bridegroom had meantime come in from an adjoining room, preceded by a master of the ceremonies, with a lighted candle in each hand. Standing near one of the tables, he took three burning joss-sticks in his hands, and responded to the questions put to him by a priest, bowing repeatedly at the shrine of the joss or idol, some pictures of whom hung on the walls. The bride, having been placed beside him, supported by the old nurse, who had a little scarlet flag in her hand, was similarly addressed, and made the proper responses. A green ribbon was then handed to the bridegroom, and a red one to the bride; these were knotted together, and the new husband led off his new wife to the nuptial chamber. Here several of their families and friends, including two older wives of the same man, awaited them, ranged on each side of the bedstead, to pronounce the prescribed benedictions, and to bestow a quantity of ground seed and nuts, of different sorts mixed together, which they did not eat, but had sprinkled over them. After a little time the newly-married couple returned into the dining-room and sat down to a sumptuous repast. The old nurse first carefully tasted every article of food, to see whether it was fit for her young lady to eat. A baby, two or three months old, was then brought and placed on the bride's lap, to test her love for children. The bride and bridegroom were afterward formally introduced, in their new character, to every one of their respective friends and relatives on each side, the names being proclaimed by a herald or usher. Large bowls of oil, with floating wicks alight, had been placed around the marriage bed, as a votive sacrifice to the deity on their behalf. The bride's trousseau, filling ten huge boxes or trunks, was deposited in one corner of the room. After three days' seclusion the newly-wedded pair began to receive visits of social congratulation.

Siege Operations at Chatham, England—Attack by the Flying Bridge on the Redan.

The Royal Engineers and other troops of the garrison at Chatham celebrated their annual field day on Wednesday, August 5th. The plan of the supposed attack and defense assumed that the fortifications of Chatham did not extend further to the westward than Prince Henry's bastion. So much of the fortress as was imagined to be the limit of defense was supposed to have been invested by the enemy, who had constructed certain works, some of which were actually visible, though much nearer to the fortress than they could possibly be in real warfare. The operations were commenced by a small body of sappers leaving the trenches and placing powder-bags against the stockade. The flotilla presented a pretty appearance as it advanced toward the creek, crowded with soldiers and protected by a little gunboat, which kept up a steady fire. The attack upon the barrier was led by the covering party, whose fire kept down that of the defenders, while the sappers cleared away the palisade. The main column pressed on and effected an entrance into the works; and then, driving the defenders before them, moved to the left, to effect a junction with the column who were forcing their way into the Redan. This column marched to the attack over the flying bridge, which the party of sappers, under Lieutenant Prince Arthur, R. E., carried across the glacia and threw over the ditch. It was brought up and laid under a galling fire, which, had it been in earnest, would have prevented the accomplishment of any such process.

The New "People's Market," King's Cross London.

A new market has recently been erected in the centre of one of the most densely-populated neighborhoods in London, for the sale of fish, meat, provisions, fruit and vegetables. The architecture of the new building is of the simplest style. There is no decoration about the market worthy the name, the counters and paneling in the shops are of unpainted wood, the flooring is of asphalt, the walls bare, and the roof a combination of slates, tiles, and glass. Yet, with all its unpretentious appearance, there is a neatness and comfort about the building, which renders it peculiarly adapted to its use. The retail market is in the centre of the group of buildings, and consists of eighty-six stalls or shops, ten feet wide and fourteen deep, giving an area of one hundred and forty feet to each. The space is all for the articles sold, and the tenants must rest and sleep elsewhere. On one side of the central, or retail portion, are the wholesale meat and wholesale vegetable departments; on the other, fish and provisions are sold wholesale and retail. The entrance to all these departments is in St. Pancras road, some fifty yards beyond the passenger-turning to the Great Northern station; and here is to stand the market hotel, through an archway of which the customers and vendors will enter, much as the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, at Paris, is gained from the boulevard it stands upon.

Fire in Dunkirk Harbor, France.

About the 25th of last month, the American schooner *Billow* arrived at the port of Dunkirk, with a large quantity of petroleum and essential oils, intended for the English market. On the morning of the 30th, the captain of the vessel asked his wife for a pulley, but owing to the darkness she was unable to find it. Striking a match, she was about making a closer search, when she was nearly suffocated with gas, and before she had taken many steps a frightful explosion occurred. The roof of the cabin was blown into the air, and the poor mother with her children were immediately enveloped in flames. Part of the crew leaped on to the quay; the captain, the mate, and one of the elder boys went to rescue the victims, but could only save the wife. In spite of the efforts to extinguish the flames, the fire continued until the schooner was burned to the water's edge, to the imminent peril of the large number of vessels lying in the port.

The Beatalehem, or House of Bread, in an Abyssinian Church.

Among the interesting characteristics of Abyssinia, developed by the late British expedition, is the preparation and administration of the Sacrament in the churches. The bread is made by the priest in a small building detached from the church, and known as the Beatalehem, and the wine is obtained by pouring water over raisins, and allowing it to stand about twenty-four hours. The "House of Bread" is of a size sufficient to accommodate but one priest, and while the Sacramental bread is being baked, he engages in acts of devotion. The method of administering the Sacrament is of peculiar interest. The bread is placed in a basket and covered with a richly-decorated cloth; the wine is put into a vessel. They are then carried in a sort of procession to the Church, which is entered by the Beatalehem door, and in the holy of holies they are placed upon the ark, for the ceremony of consecration. The liturgy is almost the same as that used by the Greek and Roman churches. According to some

accounts, the priests dance about the ark in imitation of David; other statements represent that they only circumbulate the ark three times at the end of every chapter of the service. This is done by them carrying the scriptures, the cross, and the incense. The priests first administer the Sacrament to each other, within the sanctuary, and then the western door is opened, and they appear, still singing and chanting the service, carrying the korban, which is carefully covered up with th cloth in the basket, and the dam in the chalice. It is on the steps of the door that they stand during the ceremony. Only those may come forward to partake of the Sacrament who have prepared themselves, by confession and absolution, beforehand. There is no kneeling; the communicant stands and holds his mouth open, while the priest takes a portion of the bread "broken" from the cake. This the priest holds under one hand, at the same time using the other hand to conceal it in its passage, which seems to be a point carefully attended to. The bread is then dropped into the mouth, and the communicant passes on to the attendant with the chalice, who, by means of a spoon administers the wine. It occasionally happens that no persons appear to receive the Sacrament; but still the door is kept open, and the officiating priests take their stations, bearing the korban and the dam. They stand on the steps for about five minutes chanting the service, and then return to the holy of holies. This seems to be done to carry out the idea that the Word came among men, that the offering was freely given, and that its reception or rejection could not interfere with the sacrifice being made.

Inauguration of the Statue of King Leopold, at Antwerp.

A colossal bronze equestrian statue of Leopold I., the late King of the Belgians, was publicly unveiled at Antwerp, on Sunday, August 2d. The monument was erected by a subscription from the citizens of Antwerp, under the patronage of the Chamber of Commerce. The municipal council, owing to an ill-feeling toward the late king, not only refused to grant a site in the public square for the statue, but caused large placards to be posted about the city, urging the citizens to abstain from any demonstrations on the day of the inaugural ceremony. The day appointed for its inauguration was the anniversary of the liberation of the Scheldt—that memorable act of the reign of Leopold I. which blotted out for ever the stigma inflicted upon Antwerp and Belgium by the treaty signed at Munster in 1648. The festivities commenced on Saturday on the quay of the Place St. Walpurga, where thousands of patriotic spectators had assembled. On Sunday, the day of the inauguration, neither the bells of the cathedral nor those of the Hôtel de Ville were allowed to be rung; but the city was full of other festive tokens. Multitudes of people came in from Ghent, from Brussels, Liège, and Verviers, with official deputations from those towns. After an oration by the Venerable Baron Nottebohm, the statue was unveiled, amidst the cheers of the people, and the National Anthem was played and sung. A musical cantata, specially composed for the occasion, was performed, after which the Civic Guards defiled past the statue, each man saluting, and heaps of bouquets and garlands were thrown upon it, to be picked up afterward by the ladies and girls.

Oyster Culture at South Hayling—The Salters.

The Island of Hayling is situated in the Hundred of Basnere, in the County of Southampton, and is bathed by the waters of the English Channel. The business of cultivating oysters is here carried on in the most extensive and complete manner. The proprietors of oyster layings in the neighborhood of Hayling are accustomed to purchase oysters of the dredgers, who enter the harbors, from time to time, during the season, and laying them down in small beds made in the shallow channels and foreshores of the island. Small banks of mud, about one foot in height, are raised, either across the channels or, of an oblong shape, along the foreshores; so, that at low tide, the oysters are covered by about one foot of water. By this means, the poor oysters, brought in from the channels, are found rapidly to "fish"—that is, fatten—and the difference between the buying and selling prices (the oysters having laid in the beds some months) is found to average some 100 per cent. gross profit. The Salters, situated on the eastern side of Hayling, consist of a pond, having an area of four acres, of an average depth, when filled at spring tides, of four feet; from the pond runs a long adit, leading to the Salters, an oblong area of six acres, embanked round, and divided into twenty-four pans of a quarter of an acre each. For the purpose of oyster culture, the Salters has been divided into two halves by a longitudinal embankment; on the west side the half has been subdivided into seven beds by embankments at right angles to the long bank; each of these seven beds receive a supply of water from the adit, running along the west side, which can be turned on or shut off at will. The eastern half is divided into sections by eight longitudinal banks, two hundred and twenty yards long and three feet high, separated from each other by a space of ten yards; so that water, entering from the north-east corner, flows up and down, guided by the banks, and then finds an exit.

The Villa Wallis, Lucerne, Switzerland.

The Queen's residence at Lucerne, Switzerland, is a beautifully located retreat in one of the most attractive spots in that picturesque country. The villa is built on a hill overlooking the town, with the Rhine on the left, Mount Pilatus, distinguished by its serrated ridge, on the right, and the lake and St. Gothard range of Snowy Alps immediately in front. The Queen and the Royal family, with the ladies in waiting, occupy the villa, and the other members of the Royal suite are accommodated in a pretty chalet situated in the grounds of the Villa Wallis, adjoining the lake.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A shocking accident took place at Chatham, England, recently, during the progress of what is called "A Rehearsal of Siege Operations." As a party of royal engineers and marines, with fixed bayonets, were crossing a bridge which had been thrown across a ditch, the wooden structure gave way, and precipitated the men into the bottom of the ditch. Several of them were transfixed with their own bayonets, and one poor fellow received a fatal stab. Seven or eight soldiers were so badly wounded that it was found necessary to convey them to the military hospital.

Mrs. E. Cady Stanton writes from Skaneateles, N. Y.: "Before the sun was up this morning, Miss Anthony and two bright girls from Brooklyn manned a small sailing craft, and went up the lake. They invited some young merchant princes to take seats on board, and remain quiet spectators of the scene. They performed some very difficult evolutions. In one rather dangerous manoeuvre, a gentleman, becoming a little nervous, was threatened with the fate of Jonah, which immediately brought him to order. It is truly melancholy to see how the young girls on all sides are flying from their sphere. With base-ball and boat clubs, gymnastics, driving, swimming, and croquet—verily, the days of embroidering and crocheting, ruffling and puffing, are fast passing away."

SWEET SIXTEEN.

DEAR lady, when I look at one
So lovely and so loved as you,
From whose young life has not yet gone
The rose's blush, the morning's dew,
I sigh to think of all the years
Whose fading memories rise between
This and the time when, long ago,
I lost my heart to Sweet Sixteen.

Prate as they may of wiser thought,
Of cooler blood and steadier brain,
Of earnest wisdom, dearly bought
By anxious care and saddening pain;
In all the years Old Time can bring,
In all the longest life has seen,
There are no hopes, no joys, no loves,
So sweet as those of Sweet Sixteen!

And though the charm may wear away,
As roses fade and dewa exhale;
Though glossiest locks may turn to gray,
And fairest cheeks grow wan and pale;
Yet who can doubt those dearly loved,
In lands of mortal eye unseen,
Beyond the stars, shall all regain
The angel hues of Sweet Sixteen!

The Lumley Tragedy; and What Became of the Principal Actor.

In the old morbid German student days I had been mad and impious enough to wonder how a man felt who had committed murder, to wish that I might experience his sensations, realize by actual experience what they were.

I had my wish now.

The woman I loved lay dead at my feet, her white bosom gashed with the death-wound I had given her. I had murdered her! How did I feel? I did not feel at all. The blow I had dealt her had stunned me. I felt nothing then.

My love for Lucille Balfour had been the passion of my life. I madly worshiped this woman, who was as desperate a coquette as ever lived.

Three years I danced attendance on her steps, so mad with my passion for her that I could not quit her in the face of her preference for others. Though deceived and put off, and cheated into new trust only to be deceived again, constantly deluded and maddened in a breath, I loved on, until one day it was my lot to rescue her from the consequences of a wild escapade in which she had engaged. I saved her life, and she gave it to me in reward—that is, she pretended to do so.

She promised to marry me, and I was as happy as a man ought to be who had loved a woman three years, and won her at last.

Well, all went like Paradise for a while. Lucille smiled only on me. She seemed only to live for me, as I for her.

But a woman who has once been a coquette does not find it easy to abstain from trifling, to be satisfied with the devotion of one. Lucille could not. She had presently as many admirers as ever, in spite of my remonstrances. Then we quarreled, and I went away.

I could not stay, however. I came back, to find Lucille about to be married to another.

I went to see her with my heart full of love and forgiveness, and she told me she was going to marry another.

We were all alone. It chanced that the very servants were out for a holiday. There was no one to help her or hear her. I was mad, I suppose. I believe all wickedness is a kind of insanity.

I told Lucille I was going to kill her, and she laughed at me.

There were a great many costly trifles scattered about her room, curiosities from near and far. On the table nearest us was a long, gold-hilted stiletto.

I took it up, and drew it from its velvet sheath. She laughed at me yet. She did not believe me, and as I caught her on my left arm, she cried out angrily my rival's name.

I struck her then—once, and laid her off my arm upon the carpet.

She never moved or made a sound.

I might have stood there staring at her for hours. I have no idea how long it was; I don't know that I should ever have moved but for the sound in my ear of the voice of the man whose name she had on her lips last.

"My God! who did it?" he was saying, and then he tried to drag me away. "You look as though you were going mad with horror, Burt, and no wonder," he said. "To have loved such a woman and come home to find her so! Come away, old fellow. This'll be too much for you. Come, I'll send for a doctor. Maybe she isn't dead after all."

It went through me with an odd thrill in the midst. Lucille had told me she loved this man to vex me. It must be. He neither spoke nor looked like the lover.

He evidently entertained no suspicion that I had killed her, though he found me standing over her murdered body.

He thought I was her lover—that we were to be married!

No one had known, now I came to think of it, of the dissolution of our engagement but ourselves. Lucille had been displeased with my jealousy, and had purposely fomented it to punish me; but at the bottom she had been true to me all the time.

These convictions flashed through me as I stood there. Then I let Phil Anderson draw me away. Not far, however. I sat down in the outer hall, and covering my face, waited for the hand of doom to be laid on my shoulders.

"I hope they may catch the wretch who did it," I heard one of the women say who had flocked in. Strangely enough, no one seemed to suspect me, and no one had extracted a word from me yet, either in crimination of myself or others. I was beginning to shudder every time any one questioned me, but I answered nothing.

"Never mind. He's daft with grief," said they.

"Poor fellow! he's loved her these years. They were to have been married this fall coming."

"I hope they'll hang him without judge or jury," said another voice. "I'd like to be in at the hanging, too."

The speaker meant the murderer. Could she mean me? I stole a furtive look at the baldame. She was staring straight at me with small fierce eyes that pierced me like fiery darts.

I felt then what the murderer feels—not before—the unutterable sting of terror. Fear, the most cowardly and unmeaning, clutched me like a demon. I shook like a leaf. My heart was like lead in my bosom, my knees smote together, and I thought they were all staring at me and reading the guilt I in vain tried to cover with my quivering hands.

If the earth could have opened and swallowed me—if the wall behind me could have gaped, and hid me from their scorching eyes! I thought no longer of Lucille—beautiful, beloved, adored, lost!

It was not remorse that tore me; it was fear. I could not think connectedly. I was bewildered, mazed in a sort of frenzy that yet instinct forced me to control from outbursting.

Phil Anderson came and laid a hand on my shoulder. I looked up with a start, but his face was only pitiful.

"Take me somewhere away from these eyes, Phil," I pleaded.

"Poor old fellow, yes!" and he showed me into an inner room.

There was a lounge. A glance assured me that there was a window. I threw myself upon the lounge and waited. It was almost dark. I should not have to wait long; but every second seemed an age. I could not have fled before the eyes of all these, but I was resolved to flee.

The commonest reason told me that flight would be construed at once as a sign of guilt; would in all probability raise upon me that hue and cry for justice which my remaining might hinder. But I was frenzied to go. Stay I could not and would not. The very air about me breathed horror and death.

Presently I went to the window and looked out. Darkness was gathering slowly. There were scattering trees at a little distance. I might hide in their shadows and so get away without being seen. Slipping the sash, I got quickly out; and after ascertaining by an upward glance that the curtains on most of the windows on this side of the house were drawn, I stole away.

I was hatless. It was the craziest thing I could have done—this flight; but I could not help it. I had not self-control enough to stay. I had sense enough to realize that any security in flight was impossible without money.

I believed, too, that as soon as my absence was discovered, I should be sought at my own rooms. I hastened thither, therefore, at once, and secured what ready money I had there. Entering unseen by a back way, I left in the same manner.

I had a large amount of funds in a bank in a neighboring city. But the chances were, that, if I went after it, by the time the bank was open news would have come of my flight, and I should be arrested there. I therefore set my face in an opposite direction.

I did not dare take the cars at the nearest depot; besides, they were not due for an hour yet, and I dared not risk waiting, so I walked on to the next stopping-place. It was three miles, and I was barely in time.

The exercise had been good for me, however. It had in some measure worked off my nervous excitement. As I stepped into the car, I was nearer self-possession than I had been since the commission of the fatal deed.

Before entering I gave a hasty but thorough glance over the inmates of the car. They were all strangers whose faces were toward me, but to make sure, I passed round to the other door, and made the same investigation.

There was no one I knew. Indeed, both this station and the one preceding furnished few passengers at any time.

I sat down with something like a sensation of relief, as the engine, with a screaming whistle of defiance, tore away on its route. I was safe till we stopped again—tolerably safe till morning, when the telegraph might have floated my guilt world-wide and set my path with spies.

I was safe for the present, but I did not feel so. The terror might not have been quite so great, but the misery was horrible.

Was there another wretch on the face of the earth so unutterably wretched as I was? Was there another whose existence was such a horrible burden, and yet who clung to it so—was so terror-smitten at the thought of losing it?

What was it I feared? The hereafter? Scarcely. The present agony was too imminent to make the future very real. It did not seem to me that I feared death. I thought what an end of pain and care it would be if the train that bore me would plunge down some dark abyss and crush us all to atoms!

I wished, oh, so wildly, that to-day was yesterday—that I might be dreaming—that I had staid away from Lucille when I went away—that I had trusted her more—that I had never, never, never struck her that fatal blow.

Was this the way murderers felt? Oh, my darling, and I had slain you!

"You live hereabouts?" questioned my nearest neighbor, leaning over to address me.

I could not help half a start. I hoped he did not notice it.

"No, sir," I said, shortly.

"Ah, really, I beg pardon; I noticed you got in at the last station."

"You are mistaken, sir. I am all the way from the city. I rode on the forward car first, but did not like my seat, and so came in here."

"Ah!" said my companion, relapsing into his seat, and seeming satisfied with my lie.

I was not so sure, however. What did he mean by asking me if I lived hereabouts?

I changed my position presently, so that I could see my neighbor's face. He was looking at me. "What's doing in the city?" he asked, as he caught my eye.

"Not much," I answered, looking out of the window. "Queer thing that bank robbery on—on Seventh street."

"I believe so," said I. "There are no banks on Seventh street," said another gentleman near me.

"None?" my talkative neighbor questioned. He was sounding me, I thought, with a shudder, and presently, making an excuse on account of the nearness of the stove, I changed my seat to another part of the car.

Most of the people in the car dozed off to sleep as the night advanced, but the Seventh street bank gentleman did not close his eyes till near morning.

It seemed to me that he could not sleep for watching me, and the fancy made me sick with fear.

It was in vain that I reasoned with myself upon the unlikelihood of his knowing anything of what had occurred at Lumley.

I was sure he regarded me suspiciously; and, though I had certainly never seen him before in my life, I imagined a sort of familiarity in his aspect, till I could, in the bewilderment of my terror, have sworn that he was an old resident of Lumley, where I had lived so long.

I slept none, though, in my anxiety lest my wakefulness should be noticed, I pretended to sleep. I felt as though I should never be able to lose myself again.

I dreaded the approach of morning, yet longed for the terrible night to pass.

When morning did come, and the people around me began to arouse themselves from their uncomfortable naps, I shrank almost visibly every time I encountered the eyes of any of them.

It seemed to me people had never looked at me before.

What did they see in my face to make them stare so at me? How I wished I was a woman, and might wear a veil, to hide me from so many eyes!

At the depot I looked for trouble.

So a little before we stopped, I got up and made my way through the cars to the last one, down whose steps I leaped the instant it slackened motion.

I stood a moment to recover my equilibrium, then walked away with as deliberate a step as I could force myself to assume.

I went straight to the wharf without stopping. I meant to take the first outward-bound vessel, no matter whither she was going.

I found one just sailing for Liverpool, and went on board at once.

Till we were far out at sea I expected a boat to be sent after us—after me; but none came. Till we touched land, then I was safe.

Safe? What a mockery safety is to the criminal! He knows not the meaning of the word. His reason may tell him no danger is near, but his fears, his remorse, his conscience, are like unquiet hounds, howling the death-warning forever in his ears.

One torture I was spared. The ghost of my poor victim did not haunt me.

To my thought she was often present, as she lay on the carpet in the little sitting-room where we had sat often.

I went over the terrible scene many times. I felt her grow heavy on my arm as that cruel blow smote her.

I saw the beautiful face ghastly with death, the white bosom dabbled with blood; but these scenes came rather at my bidding than unwelcomely.

I grew very soon to be an object of curiosity to the other passengers.

I was so taciturn, so gloomy of aspect, so nervous and excitable. Some ventured much to satisfy their curiosity, and tortured me beyond imagining, watching for my secret.

I dared not sleep, for fear of babbling it aloud. Walking, I caught constantly some conversational allusion that made me shudder and thrill at the associations it suggested.

It was a miserable voyage. Another week of such surroundings, such inactivity, would have crazed me.

Arrived at Liverpool, I found myself so nearly destitute of means, that it was necessary to seek some employment at once.

In a strange city, wild and foreign of aspect as I was, totally unfamiliar, too, with the ways, I stood a poor chance of obtaining any sort of situation.

My last penny was spent, and I had gone hungry many a day before relief came.

I answered an advertisement for an American clerk, and in my extremity obtained the situation, with the merest pittance for a salary.

I think the operations of the mind are very dependent upon the state of the physical powers. Hunted down as I was by poverty, hunger, and scantily clothed, my broken energies refused to rally.

I grew more morbid and desponding every day. I became more nervous and fearful of every sound and look.

I was not a good clerk. My nervousness and pre-occupation unfitted me for performing my duties satisfactorily.

At home I should have been dismissed at short warning.

My slower English employer would have suffered me to jog along uncertainly much longer than I did, but for an accident which caused me to leave him of my own accord.

This was no less than the chance use by a customer of the word "Lumley." Lumley is an English, rather than an American name. But I could not help feeling that the man, as he uttered the word, fixed his eyes on me curiously, and I could not for my life keep my cheek from blanching.

I made some excuse to leave the store within

the hour, and I never went back. Instead of doing so, I took the express train for London that night. I thought in the great smoky old city I could lose myself completely.

I went into a coffee-house and called for a *Times* newspaper. I meant to look over the advertisements for some employment. I could not afford to be idle.

My eye first fell upon an advertisement for a gardener. Sir Robert Woodley, at Woodley Court, Nottinghamshire, wanted a gardener.

My eye traveled on. Three paragraphs below it was something which thrilled through me like cold steel.

My own name, Burt Calthorpe, in capitals. Any person who could give information which should lead to the discovery of the whereabouts of the same should be amply rewarded by lodging it at No. 10 Marlborough place.

It never struck me that this was a singular wording of an advertisement for the apprehension of a criminal.

I only felt that I must get out of London. Nobody would think of looking for Burt Calthorpe, quasi-gentleman, in Sir Robert Woodley's nurseries. I would go to Nottinghamshire.

Fortune was on my side this time. Sir Robert had not yet hired a gardener, and was badly in need of one, or he would never have taken so unpromising a looking one as myself.

He was likely at last to have thrown up the arrangement, because I had not a character; but his wife, a handsome, kindly-faced woman, who stood leaning upon his shoulder while he talked with me, whispered something in his ear, and at once he said he would try me.

Lady Woodley proved my friend. With a woman's tender intuition she read me to a greater extent than any one had done since I left Lumley.

Without torturing me with questions, without instituting any system of drawing out, she comprehended that I was very wretched. It mattered not to this lovely woman why.

I was wretched. Whether I deserved my misery, was guilty or unfortunate, I was wretched; and such balm as she might she poured into my wounds.

The good a tender, conscientious Christian woman can do can scarcely be over-estimated.

Under the influence of Lady Woodley I became, if not a happier man, a wiser one. My eyes opened to more rational views of life, and my own relations to it.

I saw myself a pitiful coward in hiding, punishing myself hourly more horribly than if I had staid and faced justice in Lumley.

What were a hundred halts by the side of the sullen terror that dogged my steps now wherever I went?

Lady Woodley, discovering that I was not the uneducated boor I assumed, persuaded me to become librarian to her husband.

I consented the more readily, because I had now resolved to return to America as soon as I could obtain means to do so, and the advance in position would include an advance in salary.

Having once resolved to turn back and face the fate I had been fleeing in such agony, I found myself calmer, and more nearly happy than I had dreamed I ever would be again.

I had said that I was spared the torture of being haunted by the ghost of my poor dead love.

I was.

What did come to haunt me, though, in these hours when I had devoted myself to just expiation, was not a spirit, but a likeness—a likeness the most singular and unaccountable.

Lady Woodley had a sister come down from London to spend a few months with her.

The first time I saw this lady I was so astounded with the resemblance she bore to poor Lucille that I could not speak for some moments.

Both she and Lady Woodley restrained their surprise, and were very patient with my agitation. I could not explain—I did not try.

Miss Leverett probably concluded that I discovered in her a resemblance to some lost loved one, for she was always patient and kind with me, and never resented as an impertinence the intensity of gaze with which I constantly caught myself regarding her when in her presence.

Miss Leverett had evidently seen sorrowful days too.

She wore always the deepest mourning, whether for parent, brother, or sister, I knew not.

The expression of her lovely face, her rose smile, her tender eyes, were sad as sweet.

Her face, while it was strongly like Lucille's in contour and feature, had nothing of my lost lover's witching vivacity of color and gaiety.

She was always pale, slender, and slight too, where Lucille had rounded into fullest outlines of health and beauty.

I found a fascination in watching her that I knew not how to name—so haunted was it with memories of pleasure and happiness the most transcendent—so keenly was I reminded that my own hand had lost me all.

Miss Leverett conversed with me sometimes in a low, gentle voice.

By degrees she seemed almost to seek the library, where, of course, I was most frequently, and on such occasions we lingered talking over a favorite book, dwelling on themes of mental interest, I so nearly forgetting all that lay between me and peace as to now and then drop a word about myself, and some personal allusion to that past which lay so far back of this present time.

It was not long before I discovered that Miss Leverett, with this word now and that word then, was sounding my past.

So softly she spoke, so sweetly she looked, so ingeniously she questioned me, that I did not feel the probe till it touched the very sore itself.

For the space of a day all the old torture of fear beset me. This woman was a spy set upon me to bring me to justice.

There was a difference between surrendering myself to the demands of vengeance, and being dragged to retribution by foreign hands.

A calm frame of mind succeeded to this, however.

Having kept my chamber through the day on a plea of illness, I went down to the library in the evening, resolved, if by any chance I met Miss Leverett, I would evade nothing she had to say to me.

Miss Leverett sat there reading.

She looked up as I entered, with a grave gesture of welcome, and resumed her book.

Something in her expression at that moment was so like Lucille, that I thrilled through every nerve. I remembered, suddenly, hearing that Lucille had English relations.

She herself had been very uncommunicative on the subject, even with me.

"Miss Leverett," said I suddenly, "pardon me, but will you tell me were you ever in America?"

She looked up startled; her book fell to the floor, and I did not pick it up.

I should have told you before that Miss Leverett was near-sighted and usually wore glasses. This evening she was without them.

That was what increased the likeness of which I have spoken.

Her hair, too, always hitherto worn in plain bands off her face, this evening drooped in just such curls as Lucille wore.

Some strange agitation was on her too, as she half rose, clasping her hands upon her bosom.

"It is too like!" I gasped, shuddering with anguish. "Tell me who are you? Had Lucille a sister?"

She smiled, took a step toward me, and paused. "Do you not know me even yet?" she whispered.

I could only sink upon my knees.

She smiled again, a heavenly radiance on the lovely face.

With swift but trembling hands she removed the sable kerchief that covered her ivory shoulders, and showed me upon the snowy surface a deep, red, cruel scar.

"You live! You are Lucille! Oh, my God!"

"I live, and I forgive you, because I love you, and because you have suffered so frightfully. Do you forgive me for the same reasons, because I too have suffered?"

"If Lucille, it is too much!" and I, a strong, healthy man, fainted away.

Well, it was for not long, you may imagine. Joy does not often kill.

Lucille had tracked me in my flight like a detective. Recovering against all hope and prophecy from her wound, she had set out at once upon my steps.

Lady Woodley was a relative, not a sister.

Providence had shaped all, and, contrary to at least my own deserts, I was happy.

Mrs. Jonathan Grinder Has a Boy.

AN, how d'ye do, Miss Parmlee? Walk in. Yes, Miss Jonathan has a boy, and of course she's duin well—allers wus a great strong critter—taint likely she'd do otherwise.

Yes, she's got a boy. Ef she'd had a particle o' consideration she'd had a gal. I've mentioned to her time and agin how't I considered it her bounden duty for to hev a gal; but I'd better hev held my tongue. As dear Miss Squigler said this very mornin':

"Depend on't, Miss Legal Lawyer Perkins, that's the very reason she went and had a boy. She knowed you was averse to the men sect, growed or ungrowed, and that sot her up to it."

Here's Miss Parmlee, Miss Jonathan, come round to see the young 'un. Can't tell, I'm sure, what folks want to see it fur. I reckon it's only out o' compliment to me, on account o' my bein' its arnt. I know 'taint wuth lookin' at jest as well as ef I wusn't no relationship. I allers had a mind above any o' them there weaknesses.

You kin see how small it is yerself, Miss Parmlee. Don't weigh nuthin'. There's Miss Crocker's young 'un—twelve pounds in the grocer's scales. 'Taint to be supposed this poor critter'll ever weigh so much. Judgin' from appearances, I shouldn't reckon 'twould ever grow much—prob'ly 'twill be a dwarf. Judgments come in various ways onto people when they deserve 'em.

You know, Miss Jonathan, the doctor told you you wusn't to be low-spirited and worry the milk, and there you are a-cryin'. What you hev to cry fur, dear knows, when I, with my infirmities and tribulations, maintains such a cheerful countenance; and it's a very wicked of you—though p'raps, now it's too late, you feel to be sorry you've carried yer persensities o' evil so far as to hev another boy.

I allers said 'twas a pity t'other one was a gal. Well, so I du, considerin' how she'll be fetched up. When I fust made up my mind to endeavor to make hum happy for my misguided brother, I did remark I'd rather a-found anything in the house than a gal baby, knowin' what laid before her.

You think it a purty child? La, Miss Parmlee, how kin you? There ain't nothin' purty about it so fur as I kin see. It's got its mother's red hair a-comin', and I can see her freckles under the skin. Nobody 'ud ever take it fur a Grinder. The heft o' them is han'some, and you can see at a glance there'll be no dignity in that critter.

Besides, from the faces it makes, it seems to me it couldn't be over smart, and I reckon them pink marks won't ever rub off its face. You think they will? La, it's very good-natured o' you to say so, seein' I'm its arnt, but I don't think it will.

It don't seem to take no notice o' anything yet, nuther. I shouldn't wonder if 'twas deaf and dumb. I'm surprised ye should give way to yer emotions in that disgustin' manner, Miss Jonathan. I'm the poor critter's arnt, and see how I bear it.

You think it's a promisin', healthy child, du you, Miss Parmlee? Well, I hope you're right; but even s'pose it was, there's other things besides health. I often think you'd better enjoy bad health than to hev a bad temper.

My own infirmities—guitar in the head, and

bronze-kettles in the throat, and newrology, and all—I feel to be thankful for when I contrastulate 'em with a evil dispersion. The dominie's wife often sez to me:

"Miss Legal Lawyer Perkins, what would I give if I was so congenial as you be. Whenever you're deceased I should like," says she, "to write your memoir, and set you, with an illustration of you agoin' to meetin', before the world for a pattern to your sect."

Sez I, "Write it if you choose, Miss Stun; but when the portrait-taker draws my pictur let me be took where duty calls me—beside the mantelty of my poor misguided brother Jonathan," and she was afflicted to tears.

So many young men grows up pickpockets now-a-days. Whenever I look at that poor young 'un's fingers I think he may end that way—specially as the nuss went and cut one of his finger-nails. It allers makes 'em light-fingered, they say, to trim 'em under a week. Besides, I've heard tell, Miss Jonathan, how't some relationship o' yours was arrested for forgery.

Wasn't a relationship, eh? Your cousin's sister-in-law married him? La, that's a relationship, I'm sure; enough, anyway, to hand the propensitude down to the child. I dunno as it's desirable fur any one to grow up thieves and forgerers, and gamblerers, and murderers, and come to be hung. The men sect is so dreadful vicious, there ain't no tellin', Miss Parmlee.

But I don't reckon this poor critter will grow up. It's a sickly constertootion, and will take every-thing. There's the little gal—Alhambra Jane—growing along big enough to run and fetch in everything for it to take.

There's whoopin' cough—now, that's terrible. I've seen many a poor thing go off in that. And there's the measles—they kills lots; and scarlet fever, I should suppose, would be apt to kill both o' 'em.

The Wilsons' young uns have caught it, and the young girl took Alhambra Jane over there in her velocipeder this mornin'. She's bin frettin' all day, and seein' she was sot up on cend the bed to look at the baby the minute she came home, why I calkerlate neither on 'em can't escape.

I'm ashamed o' you fur excitin' yerself, Miss Jonathan. Ef such is the will of Providence, you'd order submit. And there ain't nuthin' so sweet to see laid out as a week-old baby. Ef I was you I'd hev the muslin with tuoks and Valenciennes lace onto it, and an insertin' cap with white ribbings. How kin I talk so? Law! I'm only speaking of what's best to do in case the worst happens.

Jonathan ain't never had the scarlet fever either. Reckon he'll take it tow, and leave you a widower. I don't suppose he'd mind goin' much—he's awful broke down sence his marriage. Ef it wur'n't fur me I couldn't be sure he wouldn't do suthin' rash to hisself.

What awful faces the child is makin'! Seems to me he's goin' to hev fits. It'll be your fault if he does, Miss Jonathan. The doctor told ye to be calm and quiet, ye know, and you've been excitin' yerself.

You're hungry, eh? Well, I'll go down and make ye a bowl o' water gruel. It'll be your fault if he does, Miss Jonathan. The doctor told ye to be calm and quiet, ye know, and you've been excitin' yerself.

Must you go, Mrs. Parmlee? Law, now, what a hurry you're always in!

Come down into my room along with Tabby Mouser and me—we're just agoin' to hev tea. Milk toast, and currant jelly, and bile eggs, and pickled salmon. Not much o' good things, on account o' hevin' my time so occupied 'tendin' my sister-in-law; but such as it is, du come and sot by.

Hey? Why, law, no, Miss Jonathan, you couldn't hev no toast and jelly. 'Twould be sure to disagree with ye and hurt the baby. I should think a mar would be willin' to sacrifice suthin' fur her child. I'll send you up the water-gruel.

Oh, don't call it a little angel, Miss Parmlee! You don't believe there ain't no original sin, I hope, and ef you du, you must know we're about the worst when we're jest born. It's a poor sinner, that's all. Miss Jonathan ain't none to orthodoxal now.

Yes, mar and them sisters o' yours was over here a spell ago to see you, but I told 'em you was to feverish to be disturbed by a lot o' company, and sent 'em off. Thought I'd tell ye so't you needn't feel anxious about 'em. Yer may looked dreadful red in the face. Ef she hasn't a habit o' drinkin' I should say she was liable to an attack o' apperplexy, and yer sister had a consumptive cough, ef ever I heard one.

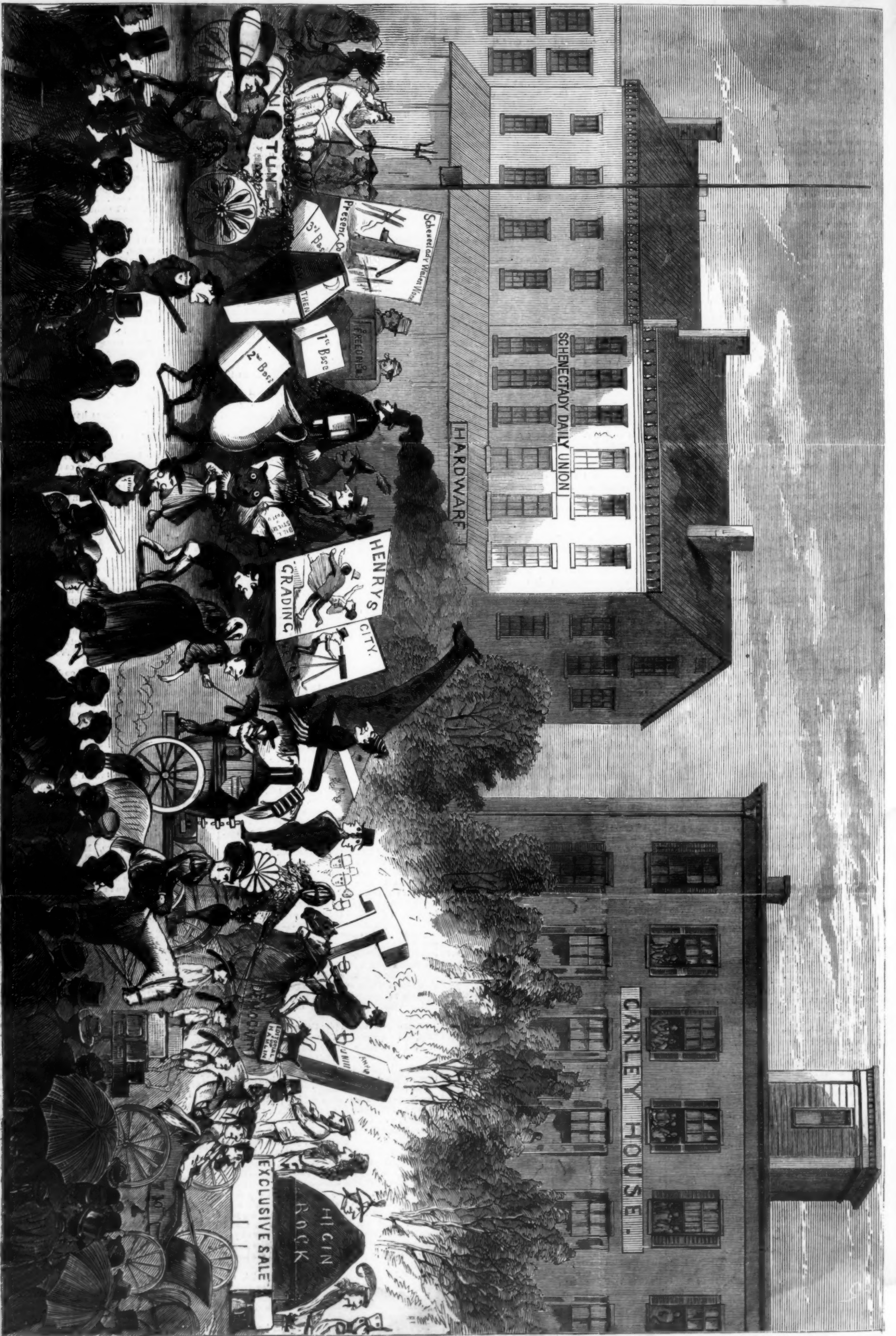
Troubles come in flocks, ye know, and arter baby and Alhambra Jane and Jonathan is took, probably you'll be called on to part from them other relationships. I hope your ma'll rest easy, but I should walk o' I hadn't fetched my daughters up better, s'posin' I'd had any.

What right had I to send 'em away? Law, what a temper you hev! I was only doin' my dooty—the doctor said you warn't to be excited, and company's excitin'. Go to sleep now, and mind ye don't overlay the baby. I've understood the heft o' babies under a week comes to their ends by bein' laid onto, and you're a heavy sleeper, and as like as not to du it, Miss Jonathan.

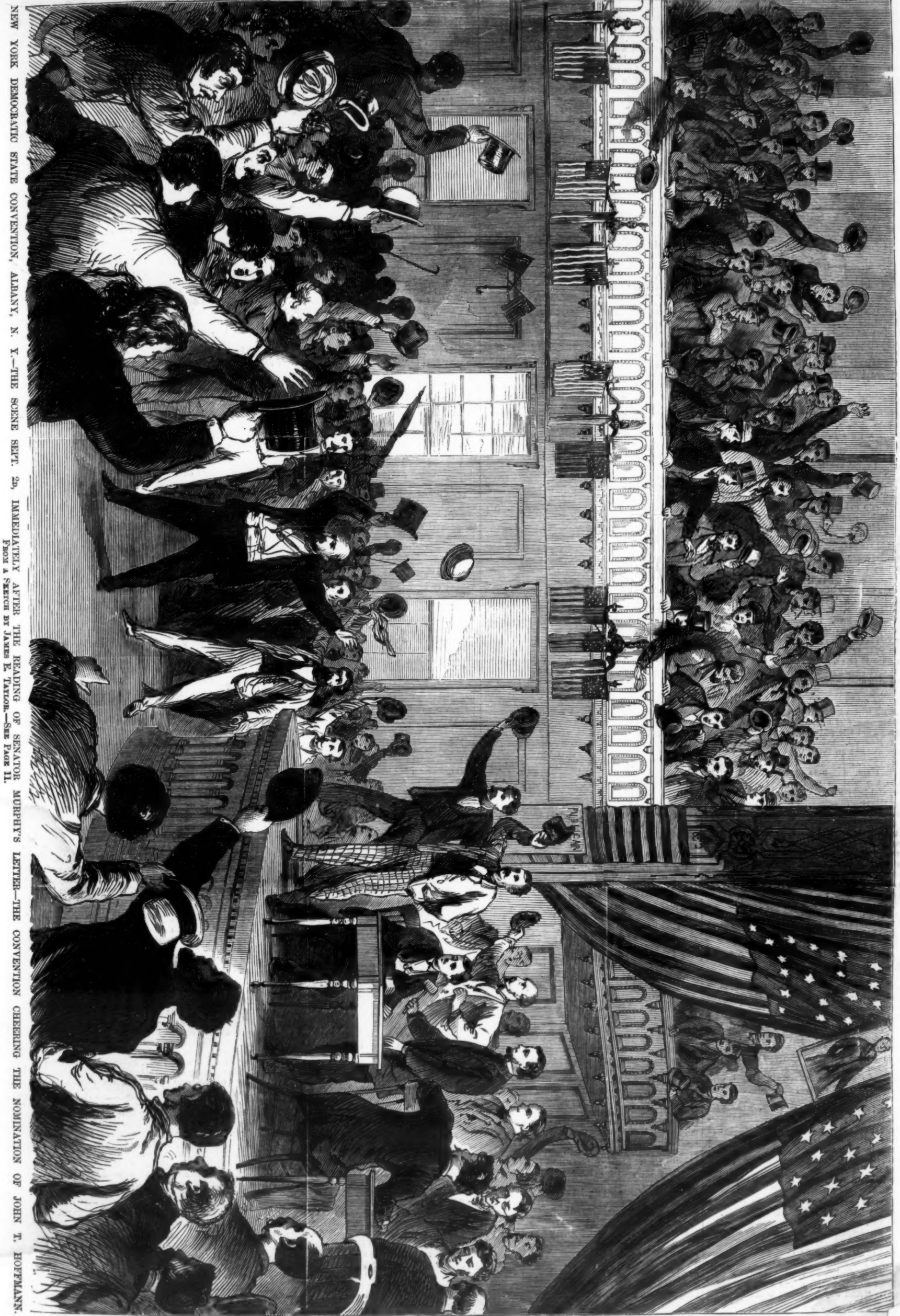
"They have a singular way of punishing robbery in China," said a missionary, who had just returned from the Celestial Empire, to a number of friends who had called in to hear his account of things in that land of marvels.

"Does it cure the offender of his unfortunate propensities?" eagerly inquired a "philanthropist," whose interest in human beings was in exact ratio with their villainousness.

"Well," replied the missionary, "I never saw the punishment inflicted but once. I will tell you how it was done, and then you can judge for yourself as to its reclaiming and converting powers. They put the culprit in a large mortar, and then fired his head straight against a stone wall!"



THE TRUE BLUE CARNIVAL AT SCHENECTADY, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 3 THE PROCESSION. FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH R. C. T. SEE PAGE 11.



NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION, ALBANY, N. Y.—THE SCENE SEPT. 2d, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE READING OF SENATOR MURPHY'S LETTER—THE CONVENTION CHEERING THE NOMINATION OF JOHN T. HOFFMANN.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 11.

AUTUMN EVENING.

THE silver stars shine in the blue,
And shed their welcome light below—
Their light so soft, so bright, so true,
Like heaven's watch-fires they burn and glow.

The moon, in robes of silver lace,
Walks through the glittering golden train,
With lofty mien and stately grace,
Her snowy path leaves not a stain.

Like drops of molten pearl, the dew
Falls on the lily and the rose,
Investing them with charms anew,
That only evening's hours disclose.

The river flows along its bed,
With murmur hushed to a low tone,
And seeks the sea to which it's wed
By ties to mortals all unknown.

The wind, like breath of angels fair,
Roams idly 'mong the blooming flowers,
And wakes a perfume on the air,
As sweet as after summer's showers.

The heart of nature beats so low
That we can scarcely hear a sound
But soon the sun with fiery glow
Will waken all to life around.

My Side of the Story.

PERHAPS you have not heard the other side—so much the better. If you had, you might have decided that I was a selfish, unreasonable woman, with a temper always ready to burst through the bars of restraint, like a wild beast. That's what my husband's relations say—every one of them. And they add that I deserve my fate.

For I am a divorced woman. I sit alone now in the bleak November twilight, and watch the rosy coals burn themselves into drear gray ashes, as my hopes have done before. I cannot consume away in silence, as poorer natures do. I was not formed to endure, but to rule—to dazzle—to enjoy. I am a gifted woman. Is that conceit? I am not conceited—that is a vice of shallower minds. I am self-conscious, so I cannot suffer in silence. I must wreak my thought upon expression, and—speak.

Stop—I will let you see my journal; that must be the plain, unvarnished truth, any one will admit. We do not lie to our journal. No one deceives in his diary, unless he expects to have it published in his memoirs. A journal generally is as perfect a photograph of the mind as the sun can take of the face.

JUNE 31st.—To-day I have really something to record, so I shall begin a diary. I have been asked a question—and answered it. Walter Bond asked me to marry him, and I have said "Yes." A physician in a Western town, surely I might have done better. But he is handsome, talented, and madly in love. He woos me with fancies quaint—he shrines me in glory like a saint. I fancy this fashionable life is growing very hollow; true love, after all, is the secret of happiness—I am sure it is so. With dear Walter and that scarlet camel's-hair shawl at Stewart's, I shall not have a wish ungratified. And I know he will give it to me.

I am an orphan, and have no real home. My aunt, with whom I have lived since I was a child, died three months ago, and left me a thousand dollars. I did not put it out to interest, as prudent people do. I invested it in handsome clothes, and got an invitation to spend the summer with Mrs. Ross, in her beautiful place at Rye. So here I am, and here at a kind of a party. "While the players played their best—lamps above, and laughs below," I received the interest for my investment—the offer of a handsome husband and a home for life.

Of course the rooms were all ablaze with lights, but Walter drew me away to the conservatory, where all was bowery bloom and fragrance, and the moonlight on one side, and the gaslight on the other, met and mingled over clusters of salmon-pink, bloomy-purple or dusk-red blossoms. How handsome he looked when he held up a lily with a laugh, saying:

"I said to the lily, There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."

Somehow I had an uncomfortable sensation that his love was of a better quality than mine. Never mind, perhaps mine will improve with time, like wine.

I was rather disappointed at Emma Bond, I must say. When Walter whispered to her, that, as we had been friends so long, he knew she would be glad to have me for a sister, she hesitated a moment, and then gave me a frosty little kiss without speaking. He looked surprised, but said nothing. I am not of the passive order, however, so I went up-stairs with her when it was time for her to go home.

"What do you mean, Emma?" I said, with some sharpness, of course; "do you object to your brother's choice?"

She's a fair, gentle-looking creature, but fixed as granite. If you'll notice, you'll find those blonde, baby-faced women the most obstinate and self-willed people in the world.

So she just answered, quietly: "You know I like you, Gertrude, but I don't think you will suit my brother."

"He thinks differently," I answered, with some fire.

"Of course he does now—the strong new wine of love, you know," and she actually laughed. I was furious.

"I suppose you will make known your opinions to your brother the first opportunity?" I said.

"Oh, I've said all I could, Gertrude. I confess to you that I have opposed this whole thing, as much for your sake as for his."

"Thank you," I exclaimed, in a tone of mock courtesy. "And why have you taken so much

trouble to warn him against a friend you pretended all the time to like?"

"I will tell you, Gertrude," she answered, with such a fair, sincere-looking face, and tender blue eyes, that any one who only looked at the surface would have been deceived. "You will never be happy together. You will never find, in quiet home-duties in a Western town, the society and excitement you love. Walter will not find in you the household angel he expects. He would love his own fireside above any other earthly spot. You will find it tame and insipid beyond expression, and pine for the dance, the music, the lectures, the play."

"That will do," I answered, turning coldly away; "prophecy no more dark things; take care of your own future and I will take care of mine."

"Nay, may God take care of it, Gertrude!" she exclaimed, piously.

"And I love your brother, Emma Bond; I love him—that alters everything."

I wonder if it does. Well, it seems so now, and I wanted to put down the little upstart.

JULY 31st.—What a picture I see from my window; what glory I have beheld to-day!—Niagara with its sheets of emerald water-falling, and tender, curving lines of creamy spray, all sunset flushed with the blood of a dying July sun. How Walter listened, with eager eyes, as I murmured a few lines—

"Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy edge the poppy hangs in sleep."

"I never cared for poetry before," he murmured fondly, "but now I love it, because you do."

I think he is fearfully practical. I wonder if our tastes are at all congenial. If he loves everything because I do, we will have no difficulty; but perhaps he will want me to love everything that he does, which would be impossible to a nature like mine. I am not the yielding kind—my likings are not written in water.

We came here yesterday, after being married in the Ascension Church by Bishop C—. It was well and gracefully done. Emma brought me a bouquet as a peace-offering. I took it, for I may want a favor of her some day, and I may forgive her, for I have won. The bouquet was not a pure bridal one, however, for a sprig of scarlet salvia blazed out of its creamy whiteness. Did she mean anything, I wonder? It looked so fervid and passionate among the cool, snowy blossoms. We had a splendid day. Such tides of golden, and purple, and crimson light as poured through the tinted panes! "Happy the bride the sun shines on," I said to Emma, as I took her bouquet. Not one bad omen, unless—well, it was unpleasant to see such a bloated, drunken, disfigured object drawn along by the police, just as I was entering the church, and to know she was a woman. The wretched creature called out in a sudden spasm of envy, as she looked at me: "Hi, my lady, it's all roses now; there's thorns coming, and storms and—" what else she might have said I don't know, for the policeman forced her on with a sudden wrench.

AUGUST 10th.—Home at last—a sweet little home, I must say—a white house in cottage style, with roses and woodbines, etc., climbing about it, just as one reads about. A smooth, green lawn in front, with pines, and larches, and roses in full bloom. Walter looks around with such infinite satisfaction when he comes home to tea, and I sit at the head of the table all in white, with a gay knot or two of ribbon to light me up, and he says "It's a little bit of Eden to me; but I hope," he adds, seriously, "that no evil serpent of discontent will ever creep in and destroy it all."

I am alone a good deal, for Walter is getting into good practice; and I want a piano, of course. I spoke of it to him yesterday, and he hesitated and colored. "My love, I should have remembered it, knowing your passion for music, but—oh—the fact is, that I have spent all my spare money on the place, the furniture, and—that shawl, which was five hundred dollars, you know."

I was offended, of course. No man ought to marry a musical wife who cannot afford her a piano. And I never smother my feelings. I have the great merit of being candid and open, so I told him freely what was in my mind. "I shall keep no thought from you, Walter," I said, frankly; "you can always read my mind as you would an open book. Home is no home to me without a piano. What could you have been thinking about? Don't you know that music softens the heart?"

"And the temper, too, I hope," he said.

I did not know what he meant, but I went on quietly: "A piano, Walter, carries with it an atmosphere of cultivation wherever it goes—"

But Walter heard no more, for he actually went out in the middle of my sentence and shut the door very hard. I must finish what I was saying when he comes home to-night, and also speak of his lack of politeness in leaving my sentence unheard.

AUGUST 26th.—To-day I was startled by a great noise—talking and shouting at the door. On looking out, I saw a furniture wagon, and my husband superintending the lifting down of a huge oblong box—a piano, I saw in a moment. I did not go into any raptures, for I thought that would spoil Walter into thinking he had done some great thing. I just sat down quietly to my sewing, till Walter came panting up to tell me about it. "My love, now I hope you will be quite happy."

I raised my eyes with quiet enquiry.

"I have bought your piano," he said, in radiant expectation.

"Oh, indeed! and the money?"

A cloud came over his face. "I borrowed it. To tell the truth, Gertrude, it is my first experience in that business, and I don't altogether like it."

I grew more gracious then, and went down to see the piano—an elegant Steinway, in a plain rosewood case. When I sat down, and played and sang, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," Wal-

ter looked enraptured. He is very much in love, and I think I can manage him perfectly.

SEPTEMBER 30th.—The first frost has touched the leaves with a breath of fire. The maples begin to burn with the fever of death. A winter in Sangamon, for that is the name of this delectable town—what does it offer to me? I wore my camel's-hair last Sunday, and Mrs. Jones, the shoemaker's wife, came up breathless. "Excuse me, Miss Bond, but you've forgot to rip out the store mark from your shawl." Arcadian simplicity! I have had some calls, but find I have no affinity with these people. I am among them, but not of them—in a crowd of thoughts which are not their thoughts. Walter says a physician's wife must make herself popular. I must ask after little Johnnie's measles, and boil herbs for old Auntie Simon's cough. Was I born for these things? In this my life—nothing more—the dull gray life and apathetic end of such people as these? Have I made a mistake? Walter is perfectly satisfied with his position. He takes the warmest interest in his patients and their ailments. He rides out cheerily in the morning, with the air of a man who is doing his life-work, and doing it well. And what is left for me?—to dust, to sweep, to darn, to thrum—to keep the cage in order where I sit—a captive bird pinning for a larger liberty, and singing forever, "Can this be all—is there nothing more?"

OCTOBER 28th.—Oh, yes! something more! Quarrels! We have had our first real quarrel, and Walter has gone without kissing me. I was not to blame. Still it was a variety. It has quickened my pulses somewhat, and given me a color. And he can see that I do not give up a point easily, and that the happiest way for him is to yield. How dreary it looks from my window! the winter comes so early here! "The one red leaf, the last of its clan, that dances as often as dance it can," hangs alone on the topmost twig of the one maple tree in the garden. All the crimson and golden honors have fallen and are trodden into the mire under foot. Poor tree!—poor life!—so our glowing hopes drop from us one by one, just as they seem to be kindling into something brighter and more glorious. Ah! I am moralizing, instead of giving evidence. I am arraigned at the bar this morning and allowed to state my case—not to criminate myself, though; that is the delinquent's first right.

Well, deponent testifies that she has for a week suffered under an affection of the spirits, sometimes called "blues," or "low spirits," or depression, or melancholy; that, in casting about her for relief, it suddenly occurred to her that a party might be a diversion; only temporary, perhaps, but rousing, to some degree, for the time. Thereupon she decides to have a party. This morning the sun looked out pale and wan through watery veils of cloud, and I—this third person is so troublesome—said to Walter: "My love, I am determined at last to make myself popular with the Sangamon people."

A pleased smile lighted up his face. "I knew you would come right at last, Gertrude."

I made a peevish gesture. "Then you think I have been wrong?"

"Not at heart, dear; but then, it seemed as though you held yourself apart; you are so far above them, really, Gertrude, that I feared you would never come together."

"There is no one beside thee, and no one above thee, Thou standest alone as the nightingale sings," he hummed softly to himself.

"So I want to give a party."

You never saw the sun go into a cloud quicker than the smile went out of his face, but I went on: "A regular crush I want, to do the whole town up at once, Walter, and give me a new sensation, for you know I have never been hostess in such an affair."

"I cannot afford to pay so high a price for your sensation," he answered, quietly.

"Very well then. I'll sell my watch," I said, as quietly.

The watch, a pretty little enameled toy, was his bridal gift. He started as if he had received a blow.

"Would you—would you really do that?" he exclaimed, in a pathetic tone.

"Of course," I answered, with the greatest coolness. "We have a good clock here, which will always tell me the time, and why should I not gratify myself with the 'money now lying idle in the water'?"

"I believe you would sell the giver as well as the gift, to gratify a fancied wish," he exclaimed, in sudden heat.

"Perhaps the giver thinks he is sold," I answered, as warmly. But the flush passed away from Walter's face, and he grew cool and calm again. "I know you are jesting, love. You would not part with my gift so lightly."

"Now, do you know, Walter," I said, "associations are nothing to me. I value things for what they really are. I am singular, perhaps, but I say to myself, What the watch will fetch, that is the value of the watch. No jeweler will give me a cent more for it because of the associations with my wedding. So intrinsically, you see—"

And there Walter cut the thread of my thought off suddenly, by going out and shutting the door with what Hood calls "a wooden dam."

But I shall win, I know in the end. A woman who knows how to manage the cards always holds the winning one.

DECEMBER 15th.—A drear, dull day, ending in snow. How the fluffy bits come sailing—sailing down, with a monotony enough to crase one. A cold white shroud has wrapped the earth. Even the evergreens on the lawn do not look cheerful—such a mockery of summer, with their dull, dead green. Walter is out riding through these blinding drifts. Oh, well! he likes it; he goes into it with a keen pleasure; the contest with the storm is exciting. Better, far better, than the drear, monotonous calm in which I am left. What have I to do through all this long gray day, as it struggles on through its pale eclipse of snow? To feed

my birds, to cut a few decayed leaves from my plants. Bah! If one could only lop off the fair things that have died, and no longer have bloom or fragrance, out of our life. So I complain to my journal. My life is full of blank leaves. I might be a Lady Bountiful of this town, make flannel "weekies" for the babies, make soup for the old women, or—but I am not cut out for this. It would be, I believe, a worse purgatory than the present, when everything is a bore. All this day I shall look out languidly on the same dull blank of sky, shedding its frozen tears on the frozen earth, or I shall turn to the room so primly bright, and play daintily on the piano for none to hear, or I shall wander down for relief into the kitchen, and watch Rhoda awhile, as she drives her fists into the soft, puffy cushion of dough, to make the bread. She always sings as she works, and seems really happy; but, who can tell? perhaps I seem so too in the eyes of the bores around, or in her eyes, with my handsome dresses and this diamond on my finger, that burns with such a fierce spark of fire. Heigho! What will they have at the opera to-night, I wonder? I wish I had not wasted my money on that party now—on such dolts. I should have got more enjoyment out of a trip to New York. But could I leave Walter so soon? Not six months married, and already the glory dies from off the landscape of my life! My husband is all kindness, but somehow I'm still longing and forever sighing for something far off, unattained and dim—for my old life perhaps, that will forever look in upon this dull new one like a ghost that won't be laid. Good-by old times:

"I did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die."

It would take up too much space to give you all my journal here, but I have given you enough to show the first cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that grew and grew, till it darkened my whole life. You can see that I was not to blame for having aspirations which nature implanted in my bosom; for not being enraptured with the dull, sordid life that filled my husband's cup of enjoyment to overflowing. It was the enameled chalice and the earthen pitcher that went together to the way stream of life. I sighed for sparkling wine, "with purple bubbles beaded on the rim"—he grew ecstatic over his draught of spring water. I could not share his rapture—he could not share my longing; so I might as well skip over the years and hasten the end.

AUGUST.—To-day is my wedding day. Four years ago, I stood up with Walter and vowed—what was it I vowed? No matter now. I have been to Europe. Walter held out a while, as he always does? Why will he, I wonder, when he knows he must yield at last? It is not philosophical. We should yield at once to the inevitable. He knows I have never yet set my heart on anything, which I did not, sooner or later, attain. Somebody says: "Man does not yield even to death save through the impotence of his own will." So Walter sold the white cottage in Sangamon, and his practice there, with many a gloomy look and stormy word; for, as I have said before, those cream-faced blondes, with their tender blue eyes and sunlit hair, can be volcanic now and then; but if he is fire, then I am steel, and the fire only tempts me. There is actually a pun from a passenger by the Arago, who only arrived this morning. I have said nothing of my travels in my journal, because I have the intention of publishing them some day, and I could not lavish my beautiful descriptions in a journal that pays nothing. So here we are, free of Sangamon. The world is all before us where to choose. I choose this city.

SEPTEMBER 8th.—I think I am cool enough now, to write what has passed this day. Emma Bond—she is married now, however—came in with her brother. The half twilight in the parlor prevented me seeing her face, or Walter's, quite well. But somehow I felt something solemn in her kiss. Then Walter went to the door, and locked it. It's a private parlor, and he could do it of course; but somehow the movement startled me. I turned to the window and caught back the curtain, till a long ray of light, like a golden finger, pointed in to the very spot where they stood—like the finger of justice, I think, pointing out two guilty culprits. Emma, fluttered a little, but with some inflexible meaning written in her face; Walter seated, with his hands over his eyes—hands that trembled, I could see, with some terrible emotion.

"What—what has happened?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

Walter took down his hands. He was too much of a man to let his sister speak for him, as I saw she longed to do. His face was paler than I had ever seen it before; but he spoke in a voice that seemed frozen, as if all the warmth had been chilled out of it long ago.

"Nothing has happened, Gertrude, that has not been happening for four years."

"Oh, if that's it," I said, relieved, "and we are to hear nothing new, perhaps Emma will lay aside that high tragedy expression, and join in with something sharp and appropriate to the occasion. Having reached our native land this morning, my dear, we will resume our native manners, and commence quarreling immediately, if you like."

"But I have something now to say on an old subject, Gertrude," said my husband. "And I have brought Emma to hear me say it. We do not live happily together. We had better part."

A perfect volcano of emotions seemed to rend my heart. Surprise, anger, pride, and injured love. But pride reigned, and these words leaped to my lips:

"Very well; I could wish for nothing better."

I was glad I had so spoken when I saw the look of pain grow deeper on Walter's face. He had not expected quiet acquiescence then, but tears, perhaps—passionate protest, humble promises for the future. I was sorry when I saw Emma's quiet satisfaction as she murmured: "It's enough, Walter; she consents." Had I sealed my own fate—and was this fair, impassive woman the

witness?" Walter walked toward the window and looked out, not for the view, I am sure. Then he began to talk again, hardly looking at me, but half as if convincing himself. "I could not bear it much longer—I should grow mad—this slow torture, this eternal conflict. Gertrude, you know what I have done for you? I have sold everything but myself to gratify your whims. I have been weak, almost dishonest, for the sake of peace; but it is further off than ever—the cry is still 'give, give.' I stand here to-day ruined—beggared in heart and life. It cannot go on—it cannot go on."

I changed my tactics then.

"Really, Emma," I said, in a concerned way, "he must be ill; his brain seems strangely excited. Who is your doctor here?"

"He wants no doctor, but peace and rest," said his sister, going over to him fondly, and laying her hand on his forehead; "of course he is excited; one does not break such ties as these in cold blood—unless," she added, scornfully, "one is—a woman, and a heartless one."

"Of course when I agreed with him about the separation, I thought I was humoring a sick whim. I have no idea of being pointed at as a divorced wife. Walter is mine, and no power on earth shall take him away."

I expect I said this with no tenderness, but rather, with the furious air of a woman guarding her property. Walter covered his face again with his hands. And Emma seemed stung into eloquence by my words. "No power on earth shall be left untried to give him freedom," she cried. What! must a man be chained forever to a fair fiend, because, forsooth, for a few weeks he took her for an angel of light? He is young yet; is he to drag forever a lengthened chain? Is he to live forever on the edge of this volcano—worn out by fruitless strife?"

"Don't ask me," I answered, with the puzzled air of one who studies a riddle. "I never was good at guessing. I give it up."

"But I do not," exclaimed Walter, starting up; "I will solve this riddle, as you are pleased to consider it, Gertrude; and I say no—a thousand times no! Whether the law sanctions it or not, whether you consent or not, we part this hour. I have warned you that this hour must come, but you sneered. Take the fruit, now, of the seed you have planted—it is all I have to offer you."

"Really, good people," I said, playing carelessly with the tassels of the curtain, "you seem to have arranged things very much to your own satisfaction, but as I haven't been consulted, you must be surprised if I don't fall into your plans quite rapturously, or appreciate the melodramatic speeches you have made to me. If you had given me notice, I dare say I might have gotten up something tender and touching; but—"

Walter came toward me, not unkindly. "Let us at least part friends," he said, "and without any of this hollow mockery on your part. It is no farce, Gertrude, at which you are a mere spectator, but a dead earnest thing, which separates us forever—in any case, forever. And I loved you once, Gertrude; you have killed my love by slow degrees. It is gone, so it is better that I should go too. You have not been happy with me; perhaps you will be happier without me. Good-by;" and he actually held out his hand.

Then I kindled like a live coal; then I blazed up into such wrath that the two puny souls with their fair faces cowered and wilted before me.

"So it is really a plot," I cried, "and you two are the chief conspirators to take away home and even a good name from a defenseless woman. What have I done? Let the sum of my crimes be blazoned abroad in any court in the land, and see the sneer of the lawyer against such paltry charges. I will not bear it; I will not fall an easy victim into your snare. Is a woman to be cast off, then, when her husband wearies of her, or a new face, perhaps, makes her look faded and plain? It shall not be. With every power of my mind, with every feeling of my heart, with all the strength of my body, will I contest this thing and fight against this vile plot. I warn you, Walter Bond, you shall make no easy case, gain no easy verdict."

"It is all one," he said, wearily; "we part in any case."

"Do not think that," I said; "I can follow you—I can thwart you—I can destroy your popularity—I can crumble down any temple of happiness you may seek to build. Think you any other woman would trust you if I go to her and say: Look at me; he loved me once; he vowed to me as he now vows to you; he grew weary of me and cast me off; be warned in time. You know me, Walter. I have some fascinations. I shall use them against you. I shall win. A woman always appeals to the people successfully. Beware!"

"No matter, so we part now," exclaimed Walter, shrinking from me more and more, till he reached the door. He gave me one last look as I stood there angry and defiant, one look of almost loathing, and then went out. He must come back, I think; he has gone out angry so many times, I cannot believe this is the last.

I sat down then, for I had stood from the first, and my strength seemed slipping away from me. Emma came near, with a glass of water, and I drank. Then she began, in her old kind tone, till I thought of a green and gilded snake, as she sat there in her shining green silk and her waving yellow hair, so mild and sweet.

"Gertrude," she said, "you may not believe me in this, but I am your friend. I pity you from my heart, more, because I saw this end from the beginning. You have made Walter miserable—perhaps you could not unmake yourself and do otherwise. It is your nature to be selfish, exacting and tyrannical, and—perhaps you have not striven against that nature as you should. Well, you are unhappy, and I pity you. I wish to do something to show my sympathy. Come and stay with me till this thing is settled. My husband joins me in the invitation. We will do what we can to make life pleasant to you still, and you

will have the gayeties of New York this winter to take your mind from your troubles. Will you come?"

How I hated her as she sat there. How I despised her offer. But I was prudent. I considered what I was to do. I had no home. Walter had little to give me, for the winter in Paris had drained him. I had better think before I spoke, so I answered as calmly as possible: "I will think of it, Emma, and tell you to-morrow; but I should like to be alone now, if you please." She went out, and I have been sitting here thinking—thinking, till my brain seems on fire. What shall I do? Shall I sell my diamonds and follow Walter, as I said, or shall I stay here and see what pleasure I can get out of a New York winter? Revenge is sweet—but had I better exhaust my resources? I think I had better exhaust Emma's.

DECEMBER 9TH.—I have been here now three months with my saintly sister-in-law. It was a masterly move to invite me. How well it will look to the world in any event! What self-denying love—what Christian grace! And then, I am here, to be stroked down and persecuted—to be calmed and coaxed. Oh! I see through it all, though I seem blind. Sometimes I explode with sudden wrath, and startle them all. I did so this morning, and now Emma's husband, Mr. Sinclair, has just left me. He has been kind in his manner, but he said some hard things—"It must not happen again or—" I finished the sentence for him—"Or you will turn me in the street, gracious sir. Very well, I do not wait for that—I turn myself in the street—I will leave to-morrow." So I have packed my trunk and written these lines before I go. How gay the streets are—and the merry sleigh-bells ring out joyously, as the happy people curl up under soft furs, and the horses toss their heads with a real enjoyment of the affair, as they dash past. I have missed my destiny somehow—I ought to be one of those rich and pampered ones who are flying by, flushed with the pleasures of the hour. In the sunshine of prosperity I would be sweet and good. It is only the storm that scours me, as it does milk. Now I must be a drudge, and teach—music.

APRIL.—It is spring in the country. Even here the little girls are selling violets. But I did not sit down to write that. It is all over—Walter has got the divorce. He has written to me to-day to tell me so—a cool business letter, with some money arrangement at the end—generous, perhaps. I despise it and him; but I shall not refuse it—oh no! I would like to take more from him. I have none of the false pride of novel heroines. The more I hate him, the better I enjoy taking his money. Why should we only accept assistance from those we love? And he gives me some advice besides. That I will not take.

JUNE.—It's an odd little hotel this, and I have to wait till morning before going home, so I may as well write what I have to say here. I've had a long journey and a fruitless one, I fear; but I've kept my word. It seems like the other day since Walter shrank from me when I threatened; but it is four years—four years of desolate, stormy winters to me—four springs without promise—four summers without fragrance—four autumns without harvest; and I am here to keep my word. I have seen her to-day, the girl that Walter loves. I have traveled day and night for this, and it is over. This morning I made myself as handsome as possible. I dressed myself in a shining violet silk; I wore a black lace hat with velvet heart's-ease, starting it with purple and gold; I wrapped a black lace shawl about me, and then I looked in the glass. Some lines were in my face, of care or pride—a weary, haggard look in the eyes, perhaps. But so much the better; she would see that I had suffered—that he had made me suffer. Rosa May!—a soft, sweet name—a meek-eyed, dimpled little thing she is! But I must go to her by degrees. What a bowery bloom there was in all the little gardens, as I went down the village street; and the houses were all alike, you know—all done up in roses and honeysuckle, every one like his neighbor. But I was well directed, and could make no mistake. I saw some one kneeling over a little garden-bed, transplanting some primroses and I was impressed that this was Rosa. My convictions are seldom wrong. I went in confidently.

Is this Miss May?"

The young girl looked up with a pair of clear brown eyes—startled like a frightened fawn. "Yes," she answered, in a hesitating way, evidently waiting for the rest.

"I have something to say to you that must be said in some less public place," I said. She led me, without a word, into a little summer-house, hidden behind a great willow.

"Sit down, if you please," she said, timidly. She was a pretty little thing, with a meaningless face, and I saw that Walter had not chosen a gifted woman this time. I thought my triumph was secure with such a weak little thing, and I grew almost affectionate. "My dear," I said, "I have traveled a great many miles to save you, and I hope you will hear me out patiently. I do not want another fond heart to make shipwreck on the same rock on which I split. Walter Bond—"

The brown eyes dilated then, and I saw she had some sort of hidden strength, for she seemed no longer timid.

"I think I know you now, madame," she said, quietly.

"Then you know I am his wife!" I said, quickly.

"That you were his wife, I know!" she said.

"He has no secrets from me."

"Do you think human laws—poor weak toys of man's invention—can put apart those whom God joined together?" I cried, for I thought religion was the weapon to use with her. "Do you not fear to trust yourself to a man who holds God's laws so lightly? Do you not fear that the day may come when you will stand, as I do now, amid the wreck of your life's hopes, alone—stranded upon a barren shore, while the gay bark that bore you on awhile, goes rejoicing on its way to fairer

climes for another passenger? You look too good—too innocent for such a fate. Be warned in time!"

"He has told me all you can say—and I love him," said the girl, simply. "I do not fear."

I was foiled. "Then you deserve your fate," I said, bitterly. "I can do no more."

"I accept it," she answered, and rose to go.

I was forced to rise also. I saw her clear, trusting look—I knew how such a being would twine round his heart, and the very bitterness of death swept through my soul. Ah, if I could only have snatched this cup of pleasure from his lips. But in vain—they will be happy, and I sit here alone, and to-morrow I go back to my lonely room, and to my daily tasks.

The Latest Parisian Toilets for Ladies.

THE numerous eccentricities that always make their appearance at this season of the year in modistes' ateliers are destined to be displayed to wondering and admiring crowds many miles from the French capital. Thin, soft, light-colored woollen stuffs are just now in high favor for morning costumes at the *bains de mer*, though mohair, alpaca, cambric, muslin, grenadines, and light silks are still in vogue. Foulards are mostly worn striped or spotted on a light or dark ground indifferently. Indeed, something of a half-mourning aspect is imparted by the prevalence of mauve and white and black and white stripes. The silks and lustrous, shot in two shades, are still extremely popular, and made with tight bodies and double skirts. One of the most favorite costumes of the day consists of a plain under-skirt of some broad striped material and an upper one of the same stuff, but with either a narrower stripe or a different pattern, looped up at the side by several large bows. The whole is surmounted by a fichu with long ends falling in front and girt round the waist by a broad sash fastened behind in an enormous bow. Uni-colored costumes, in light material—usually gray or dove-colored—are also common; they are made with a double-skirt, as above-described, but are generally completed by a species of pelerine, looped up by one or more bows in the centre of the back. Narrow-quilled flounces are the accessories of almost all these costumes, and the edges of both pelerines and fichus are bordered in the same style. Very little braid or embroidery is used, variety being mostly given by bias ruffles and flounces of the same material as the dress-cut, plaited, and dented, quilled or festooned in every conceivable fashion. Straw hats are greatly in vogue. Some are surrounded by a black lace scarf, and trimmed with a tuft of flowers and a drooping garland. Others, in black straw, are bound round the edges with satin of the same color, the crown being ornamented with a row of satin bows set right across it, and a large tuft of mingled flowers and feathers. Plainer ones, in English straw, with a narrow wreath of flowers around the crown and a little floating tulle scarf, are the usual accompaniment of morning costume. Bonnets have not increased in size, though some slight modifications in shape have taken place. Black lace is the general groundwork, and a large crimson or yellow rose, with a hanging garland at one side, the principal ornaments. The lace strings are usually fastened in front by a rose to match. The latest style is the Chapeau Bourbonnaise, which is turned up in front and behind so as to display the lining of bright-colored satin.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—Walking Dress of glazed Valencia lustré, with mantelet marquise. This mantelet, which has a large pointed hood, passes beneath the waistband in front, and is trimmed round the neck by a ruche two inches in depth. The front, which is plain, is fastened by three bows to match those on the hood. The lower part forms two long rounded ends, joined in the middle, with a drawn ruche pinked at the edge, and a quilled flounce, three inches in depth, beginning at the bottom in front, and going all round the garment. The skirt and the deep flounce, which is laid in flat, wide plaits, are both pinked at the edge. Chapeau Bourbonnaise, with round, flat crown, in rice straw, trimmed with kingcups, poppies, and loops of maize-colored satin. The brim, which is turned up slightly in front, and to a greater degree behind, is lined with maize-colored satin; and the barbe of black lace is fastened in front by a bow of the same material.

Fig. 2.—Morning Dress of green shot Indian tissue, cut straight and loose, with tight sleeves, and fastened slopingly on the left side. It has a narrow flounce, trimmed round the top with a bias and a row of pointed teeth. The dented fastening of the dress, the neck, the shoulders, and the edges of the high cuffs, are trimmed in the same manner. Pink satin ribbon in the hair.

Fig. 3.—Seaside Dress in green and crimson shot taffeta, with high body and tight sleeves. The under-skirt is trimmed with five rows of light green taffeta, and the upper one looped up and fastened behind by a bow of the same material as the dress. English straw hat, with long veil of light crimson and the picture, an extract from that officer's journal, which we append, and which relates to the disaster, will not be uninteresting.

Fig. 4.—Round Dress in dove-colored summer silk; striped maroon silk, with high body and tight sleeves. The under-skirt, trimmed round the bottom with an unplaited flounce on the cross, is in striped silk, and the upper-skirt is plain. The front is cut straight, and trimmed round the bottom with a double-striped band, whilst another surrounds it and forms a berth on the crasse. The sash, of the same striped silk, passes over it, and has long ends falling on the "croupiers," formed by the looped-up folds of the plain skirt. Round hat of rice straw, with tuft of maroon flowers and gauze veil.

Wreck of the Bark Torrent, Upon the Rocks at the Entrance to English Harbor, Cook's Inlet, Alaska.

ALASKA being now a part of the National territory, it behooves our people to study the characteristics of that remote region, that will, doubtless, soon be opened to civilization and progress by the spirit of American enterprise. All correct information regarding the features of that coast, and those waters that will soon be navigated by hundreds of American vessels, must be valuable to our mariners, and we contribute our mite to the fund of knowledge on that subject by publishing an illustration of the wreck of the bark *Torrent*, at the entrance to English Harbor. The sketch, which is topographically correct, was sent to us by Lieutenant R. De Meulin, and, in connection with the picture, an extract from that officer's journal, which we append, and which relates to the disaster, will not be uninteresting.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4.—Left Fort Vancouver, W. T., on board the steamer *Active*, Captain Floyd, ex-officer of the *Alabama*.

JUNE 6.—Arrived at Tee-Kalet, Port Gamble.

JUNE 9.—Embarked on board the ship *Torrent*, Captain Carlton.

JUNE 10, 1 O'CLOCK A. M.—Left Port Gamble.

JUNE 11, 8 A. M.—In sight of the Barren Isles.

JUNE 9, 6½ A. M.—Entered Chugachick Bay, and cast anchor in Coal Harbor. Officers go ashore to select a position.

Could not land.

JUNE 10 AND 11.—These two days passed in exploring the land, to locate the fort. Everywhere rank vegetation. Birch, alder, spruces, cotton trees, currant

bushes, fern, etc. No solid ground for foundation—about four feet of pea, all over it. Immense quantities of musquitos. No dry ground. Some ice was found at four feet deep.

JULY 12, 7 A. M.—We leave Chugachick for Opasnoy. Thermometer, 59 deg.; barometer, 29.30. Very rough weather. Main sail lost. Return to Chugachick at 8½ P. M.

JULY 13.—Leave Chugachick at 9 A. M. Strong wind ahead. Tacking across Cook's Inlet.

JULY 14.—Tacking the whole day, with strong wind ahead.

JULY 15, 6½ A. M.—The boat struck upon the rocks at the entrance of English Harbor, or Opasnoy, and is rapidly filling with water. All the men were saved. We sent an Indian to Kodiak for help.

R. DE MEULIN,
First Lieutenant Second Artillery.

New York Democratic State Convention, Albany, Sept. 24—The Scene Immediately After the Reading of Senator Murphy's Letter—The Assemblage Cheering the Nomination of John T. Hoffman.

THE Democratic State Convention, in session, September 24 and 25, at Tweddle Hall, Albany, fulfilled its mission, as was anticipated, in the nomination of John T. Hoffman as the candidate for the gubernatorial chair. The nomination of the balance of the State ticket, the adoption of resolutions, and the other business peculiar to State Conventions, was completed on the 25, quietly, and with less than ordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm.

The nomination for Governor was the point of chief interest, and it is the scene identified with that event that we have selected for illustration.

At the commencement of the afternoon session, on the 24, Robert Earl, of Herkimer, having been made President, Mr. D. P. Barnard moved that the Convention proceed to nominate a candidate for Governor, and this being carried, and Mr. Hoffman having been nominated by the gentleman from Monroe, Mr. Barnard read the following

LETTER FROM MR. MURPHY.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1868.

GENTLEMEN: Made aware, as I am, of your intention to present my name for the consideration of the State Convention, which meets to-morrow, for the nomination for the position of Governor, I deem it proper to address you this communication.

From the indications throughout the State, it is evident that there is much contrariety of opinion on the subject of a candidate, rendering my nomination at least doubtful, and calculated to engender bad feelings in the party. While I feel sensible beyond measure of the kindness of those who thought me worthy of being so prominent a standard-bearer in the approaching contest on the part of the Democracy, and shall never cease to remember with gratitude their partiality and preference on my behalf, I consider it due to my friends and the great cause in which we are engaged for the sake of our country, to retire from the field of competition, and, thus, to the utmost of my ability, to promote the harmonious action of the Convention.

I am, gentlemen, with sentiments of great respect, your fellow-citizen,

HENRY C. MURPHY.

To Messrs. Gloucom, Pierce, McLaughlin, Morris, Bauer, Tower, McCue, and Barnard, Delegates, etc., from Kings County.

Mr. Hoffman was then nominated by acclamation.

The Second Annual Carnival of the True Blues, at Schenectady, N. Y., September 30th.

IN our engraving of the True Blue Carnival at Schenectady does not explain itself, we fear that it must remain unexplained. There is a mystery enveloping the True Blues which it seems even the members of that fraternity cannot penetrate, or at least, they will not reveal their knowledge to the curious public. Our artist, being present on the occasion of the Second Annual Carnival of the Association, sketched the strange and fantastic procession with a faithful pencil, but without the remotest conception of what it was all about. It was certainly a scene of great excitement, and thousands flocked to Schenectady from neighboring localities to witness the mysterious pageant. The *True Blue*, a newspaper so-called, published for the nonce, gives the following history of the True Blues, which will serve to surround the subject with a still deeper and more impenetrable fog:

"Sixteen thousand years ago, according to the tradition of Munchausen, the valley of the Mohawk was an extensive and magnificent lake. The hills which enclose the vast level, now luxuriant with the toll of the honest husbandman, were dotted with castles, palaces, and prisons, the former inhabited by the founders of the True Blues, and the latter—saith tradition—by degenerate and unworthy Sons of Maits. About one thousand years subsequent to the period in which our brief history begins, the lake mysteriously 'dried up,' leaving nothing but miasmatic wastes, and unhealthy swamps, if we except a few farms of broomcorn, which were afterward cultivated by Ceres and a descendant of one of the original founders of the True Blues. A large and profitable reward rewarded the labors of the two, and had it not been for the attempt of an 'unworthy scion of a noble sire' to convert the unwholesome cereal into whisky, every outward-bound ship of America would be freighted with brooms for a world! Failure to manufacture an article on which the traditional descendant and his friends had fondly hoped to get 'corned,' induced him to emigrate to Ireland, where he founded the modern, though honorable fraternity of Maits, from which sprang other secret organizations, until the whole civilized world, and a part of the Canuck country, is filled with Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Know Nothings, Fenians, and Orangemen, each good for something, no doubt, but all devoid of antiquity, and that broad catholic benevolence toward the widow and orphan that has rendered the name of True Blue conspicuous for a million of years."

Although the above is but a brief history of the worthy order, it sufficiently explains its origin. To follow its history in detail, from its starting-point to the present time, would consume all the paper at present manufactured throughout the world, and keep A. W. Faber manufacturing lead pencils day and night for forty years.

* NOTE.—In looking over the old and musty records of the Mohawk Fiats, we find the following explanation relative to the mysterious drying up of the lake that once covered the flats, which our historian has inadvertently overlooked: The high country surrounding the great lake mentioned, was inhabited and tilled by a race of giants, who devoted their knowledge of agriculture to the raising of monstrous potatoes. An animal (now extinct) called the mastodon, used to commit sad depredations on their crops, causing the giant farmers much trouble. At last, unable to bear these attacks on their produce longer, an indignation meeting was held among the giant rustics, and it was resolved to sacrifice one crop to the destruction of these depredators. Consequently in each hill of potatoes they placed a large quantity of deadly poison, similar in its effects to rabidness. The consequence was that the ravenous mastodons ate the potatoes and the deadly poison along with them. The poison soon worked, and in the agony of their dreadful thirst, they rushed pell-mell in a body to the lake mentioned above, and drank it dry. The next morning the giants were overjoyed to find their carcasses, swollen to fifteen times their natural size, lying high and dry on the banks, which are now known as Princetown and Duaneburgh.

Selwyn's Theatre, Boston.

We give on this page a view of the interior of Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, which is now looked upon as the foremost dramatic temple in the United States, and which is certainly unsurpassed by any other theatre in the world. It seems somewhat singular that a city of such small proportions as Boston should support so many places of amusement; but the well-known taste of its inhabitants, and their liberal patronage of all that is worth patronage, on the dramatic or lyric stage, fully account for the permanent maintenance of four theatres proper—the Theatre Comique, the variety entertainment at the Howard Athenaeum, and the Ethiopian establishment of the Morris Brothers. Selwyn's Theatre, which was first thrown open to the public on the evening of Monday, October 28, 1867, was built by two

The auditorium is 68 feet wide, and is divided into a parquet, parquet circle, balcony, dress circle and family circle, and its seating capacity is 1,700. The proscenium is 36 by 36 feet, arched and most admirably proportioned. On each side are three proscenium boxes, richly and elaborately decorated. The prevailing tints are blue and amber, heavily ornamented with gilt scroll-work, and the whole is characterized by exquisite taste in design and execution.

Our illustration conveys a faithful idea of the interior of the theatre, which is an honor to Boston and a monument to the enterprise and liberality of the gentlemen who erected it. The theatre entered upon its second season on Monday evening, September 7th, under the most flattering auspices, and with a guarantee that, in the hands of Mr. Selwyn, it will, if possible, outdo the great reputation which it has already obtained.

from the natives. These transactions brought him in connection with some Arabs of the lowest grade, and enabled these latter to become acquainted with the position of his premises. Saint-Germes had no great confidence in his neighbors, and his residence resembled a small fortress, being protected against any nocturnal attack from without by doors stoutly barricaded, while a grated loop-hole enabled him to reconnoitre his visitors before granting admission. Access was only obtained to the upper part of the house by a trap-door over a stable; and Saint-Germes always had in readiness quite an arsenal of defensive weapons.

Notwithstanding these precautions, the whole family were discovered, on the morning of the 29th of March last, horribly butchered. An entry had been made by breaking a hole in the wall separating the

neighboring territory. The evidence being quite conclusive against the accused, three were condemned to death, and the fourth, Larbi-Ould-Cada, to hard labor for life. The sentence was received by the prisoners with loud lamentations, taken up and repeated by the whole tribe of the Beni Ourrida, who had been encamped during the trial on the open space near the Court House.

THERE are manuscript sermons existing, a couple of centuries old, in the margin of which "Hem, hem," is written, to indicate where the preacher, after raising his strain to a height which should seem to authorize the relief, might cough, merely for the effect of the thing. M. Feugnot states that he had seen in



SELWYN'S THEATRE, BOSTON, MASS.

gentlemen of Boston, of taste and means—Messrs. Arthur Chevey and Dexter H. Follet. They had long seen the necessity, in Boston, of a theatre similar to Wallack's—a theatre purely legitimate, devoted entirely to stock performances, and wherein the drama would be rescued from an obivion into which it was fast hurrying, and presented to the public purified and regenerated. To second their enterprise, they secured the services of Mr. John H. Selwyn, well known in New York from his connection with the Olympic and Wallack's, as manager—a gentleman of energy, taste, discrimination and managerial tact; and under his direction the theatre has become a model, and achieved a reputation as enviable as it is well deserved. The theatre is situated at the corner of Washington and Essex streets, on the direct line of all the horse-railroads running through the city.

Arabs Tried for Wholesale Murder.

A FRENCH paper publishes the following: "Four Arabs, named Dabman-Ould-Ali-Moussa, Larbi-Ould-Larsd, Larbi-Ould-Cada and Bouzian-ben-Chaurak, have just been tried at Tlemcen, Algeria, for the murder of an entire French family, consisting of Saint-Germes, a cattle dealer, his wife and their two grandchildren. Saint-Germes occupied a house in the environs of Tlemcen, which town is not far from the frontier of Morocco. He was in easy circumstances and sometimes thoughtlessly boasted of the sums of money which he occasionally received from his sons, one of whom was settled in America. He appears to have been not over-scrupulous in his business relations, and frequently bought stolen cattle

stable from a shed usually left open at night to receive any chance cattle brought to him for sale, and afterward, by means of the trap-door, giving access to the inhabited part of the house. Saint-Germes and his wife had evidently struggled hard with their murderers, who must have consisted of several persons. The house had been plundered and a cow carried off. A few days later, information was given by a native that the crime had been committed by four men of the Beni Ourrid tribe, occupying the military territory. A search was made and a quantity of stolen property discovered. Further information led to the arrest of the four prisoners. The chief criminal appears to have been Dabman-Ould-Ali-Moussa, a notorious thief, who had frequently had relations with Saint-Germes in disposing of cattle, the produce of his incursions on the

the manuscript sermons [of an old preacher these words in different parts of the margin: "Here fall back in your seat," "Start up," "Use your handkerchief," "Shout here like the d—l; and Balzac says that an old cleric of his time, teaching a young student how to construct a sermon, confined himself to observing, "Shake the pulpit stoutly; gaze at the crucifix fiercely; say what you can to the purpose, and you'll not preach badly." The Abbe Boissier used to say that a clever preacher ought to know when to cough, spit or sneeze with effect, as any one may be the means of extricating him from a difficulty.

An old toper, on being taken to task by some of his fellow-citizens for his opposition to a temperance movement in the village of his residence, retorted that their accusations were unjust, for he had made greater personal efforts to put down liquor than any of them.

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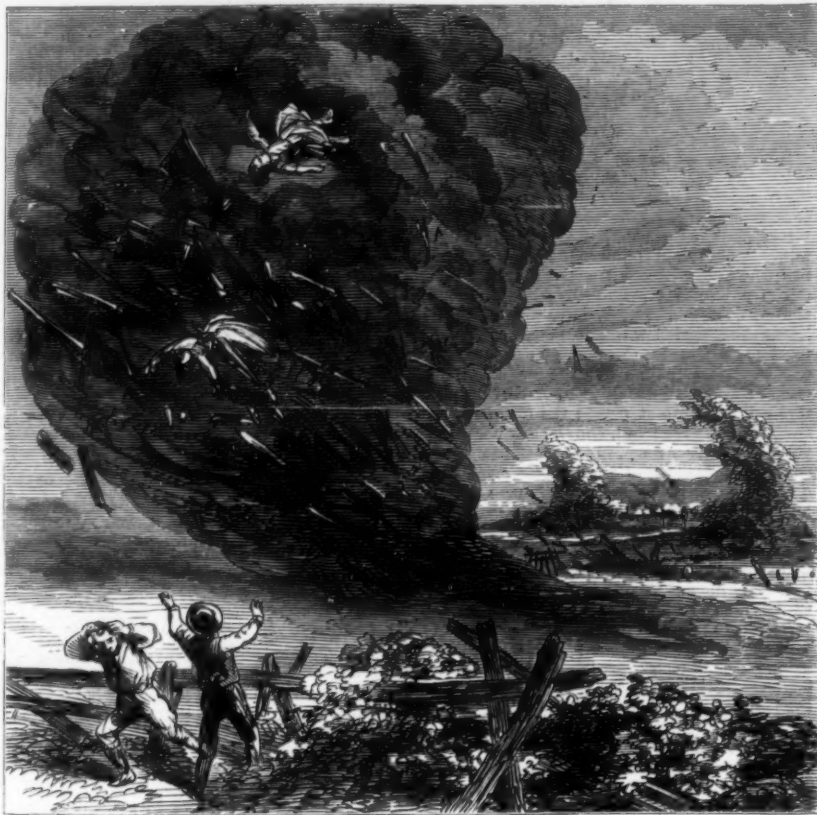
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On the Wings of the Wind.

On Saturday evening, August the 22d, a terrible tornado passed over the towns of La Prairie and Chilton, Wisconsin. At about six o'clock a light cloud was observed coming from the southeast, moving at a very rapid rate. At the same time a large black cloud was seen advancing rapidly from an opposite direction. As these two clouds approached each other, they settled down to the earth; a low, heavy noise was heard, resembling the moving of a heavy train of cars, accompanied by terrific peals of thunder. The cyclone formed in shape something similar to a large balloon, with a large trunk extending to the ground. The first damage done was tearing down a few rods of fence, then a granary, lifting it some twenty feet in the air, landing it on the opposite side of the fence. Next came a barn, twelve by twenty-five, which was taken up and torn completely to pieces. Just before the tornado struck the barn, Mrs. Ellen Monahan, an infirm lady, seventy-eight years of age, went out to take care of a little boy, who was in the barn with his sister, about nine years of age. Mrs. Monahan was taken up in the whirlwind and instantly killed. The girl was taken up also and whirled to a height of nearly one hundred feet. Her clothing was completely torn from her and carried to a still greater altitude. Notwithstanding the suddenness of the storm, and the rough manner in which she was borne from the ground, the little one sustained no serious injuries, and did not appear at all frightened at her aerial excursion.

Attacked by a Panther.

On the evening of the 20th ult., two gentlemen, residing in Madison Parish, La., determined to sleep on the gallery of their dwelling for the purpose of gratifying a romantic disposition. Accordingly, a pretty comfortable bed was improvised, and, after spending several hours in conversation and smoking, they retired to rest. They had scarcely got in a sound slumber, when a huge panther sprang upon them, seized one of the men by the shoulder, biting out an immense piece, and striking him viciously about the face and chest with his huge paws, tearing away great masses of flesh with each stroke. The companion of the unfortunate man, aroused by the savage growls of the intruder, comprehended the situation at a glance, and at once sought a



ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

every inch of the ground. Twice he was thrown down on the flat roof, and each time the martins, fairly crazed, made their efforts with renewed energy and determination, and finally he was compelled to lay down on his back, and by the aid of his hands to crawl along to the skylight. This new tactic nonplussed the martins, but did not send them off the field. He finally succeeded in getting beneath the roof, while the martins gathered about the skylight and uttered their shrill notes of defiance.

All About an Orange.

A young man, just entering his twenties, and residing in Newark, N. J., proposed to spend the vacation allowed him by his employer at Newport, where, besides obtaining a wholesome amount of recreation, he would have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with high life at the watering-places. He secured a room in a prominent hotel, and spent the first day after his arrival in sauntering about the place, admiring the gaudily-attired ladies in their promenades, and making himself familiar with the buxom young ladies who took charge of the visitors' rooms. Having been particularly struck with the innocent looks and coquettish deportment of a certain maiden, on returning to the hotel for supper, he placed a large orange on the table in his room, to which he attached a paper, containing the words: "To the prettiest maid in the house." After a pleasant evening stroll, he sought his couch, and, on entering the room discovered that his bait had been seized. For a moment he was wild with delight; then, he concluded that any person could understand his little joke, and retired to bed. He had hardly pulled the clothing over him, when a gentle rapping was heard on his bedroom door, and, not suspecting any unwarranted intrusion, he sung out, "Come in," at the same time leaping from bed. Without awaiting a second invitation, six of the girls came bounding through the door-way, and quietly surrounded the table. The poor fellow was heartily frightened, and, gathering his evening gown about his limbs, he made one leap and landed in the centre of his bed. Quickly covering his body and head with the clothes, he demanded the cause of the singular visit, and was informed that the party had called for him to decide which was the prettiest maid. In his excitement, he swore they were pretty—divine—anything they wished. But they persisted in a more special answer, and annoyed him, until he promised, if they



ATTACKED BY A PANTHER.



ALL ABOUT AN ORANGE.

weapon of defense. Fortunately, he carried a large revolver on his person, and, drawing it, he discharged several shots at the panther, one of which, taking effect in the animal's head, brought it to bay, when another bullet brought its career to a close. Physicians were summoned to attend the sufferer, but, after examining his wounds, they pronounced them fatal. Stimulants were administered, and everything done to save his life, but the man gradually sank under his injuries, and died within eight hours of the singular attack.

A Fight with Martins.

A large flock of martins have, during the past summer, built numberless nests under the eaves and about the roof of a row of buildings known as Young's Block, in Milwaukee, Wis. In the evening they were in the habit of leaving their nests and flying about the neighborhood, much to the annoyance of the residents. Efforts were made to drive the birds away, but they successfully resisted every attack made upon their homes, and became in the course of a few days an intolerable nuisance. A few nights ago Mr. Desforges, Superintendent of the Wisconsin News Company, went upon the roof of the building to see if something could not be done to rid the neighborhood of the pests. As soon as he made his appearance among them there was a wild commotion among the martins. They flew from one nest to another, and seemed to be laboring under the wildest excitement. He made an examination of the situation, and had just turned to go down, when something struck him with much force in the back. At the same moment the excited martins, fairly making the air black from their numbers, and making it hideous with their chattering, gathered about him. With open mouths, and a constant chatter, they flew about, alighting on his shoulders, and forcing their bills fairly into his face. They pecked at his clothing, and endeavored to thrust their bills through it. Mr. Desforges for a few seconds was considerably amused at the actions of the little birds, and watched them with some interest. To try the effect, he swung his broom about among them, when, instead of being intimidated, they more boldly gathered about and uttered their notes until the sound was deafening, and pecked away as if they would tear him to pieces. He began to think he was getting a little warmer than he had counted upon, and he started for the skylight, but they gathered in dense numbers before him, and fought



A FIGHT WITH MARTINS.

would all leave his room, he would make each a present on the following morning, of two of the largest oranges in the place. This had the desired effect, and the party dispersed, returning him flattering epithets, and urging him not to forget his promise, and bidding him "Good-night, little darling."

A Man Living for Six Weeks on Bread and Water—The Misfortunes and Miseries of a Once Wealthy Man.

THERE are many persons in New Albany, Ind., who are acquainted with the individual whose history and a part of whose sufferings we relate below. It is too true that one-half the world knows not how the other half lives, and that many persons whom the world regards as happy are weighed down under a load of misery.

Ten or twelve years ago, a well-to-do mechanic carried on a paying business, in one of the principal business blocks on Main street. He was a gentleman of quiet habits, but of genial, sociable qualities and a generous disposition. He had his eccentricities and idiosyncrasies, just as other people have; but no more attention was paid them than is usually bestowed upon those who betray erratic peculiarities.

Finally, it was observable that the merchant had suddenly grown very reticent; and by degrees his peculiar conduct and wild talk confirmed a suspicion that had seized his friends, that he was insane. This insanity did not affect the temper of the man, but rather made him child-like, and more than ever harmless. Finally he was sent to the State Insane Asylum, at Indianapolis, where he remained several years, but was at length discharged as incurably insane.

Before being sent to the Asylum he was worth several thousand dollars. Since his malady has affected him, however, all the money that he possessed has been expended in his support, and he is now penniless—absolutely dependent upon the charity of a few acquaintances of his more prosperous and healthy days, for money with which to buy bread.

The poor insane man used frequently to be seen upon the streets, looking genteel, cleanly and well fed. But after his means were exhausted, he was turned off from one boarding-house and then another, until finally no one would keep him. Not able to pay his wash bills, first one article and then another was seized by wash-women, and kept in liquidation of the unpaid bills, until

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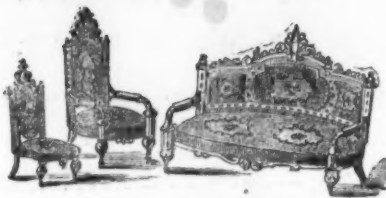
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MOTHER—"Yes, dear; why do you ask?"

JOHNNY—"Well, when is the proper time to hook sugar out of the sugar-bowl?"

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